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A DAY OF MY LIFE
OR EVERY-DAY EXPERIENCES OF
ETON
BY AN ETON BOY





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A DAY OF MY LIFE;

OR,

EVERY-DAY EXPERIENCES AT ETON.

LONDON :
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A DAY OF MY LIFE;

OR,

Every-day Experiences at Eton.

BY

AN ETON BOY.

Venia primum experienti.



London:

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PREFACE.

I AM an Eton boy. In this book I have written down my thoughts as they occurred to me in one day of my life. The intending reader need not take up my book expecting to read of "hairbreadth 'scapes and exciting adventures," which books about school always seem to me to be full of ; though, in my eight years' experience of school life, I never came across any of these adventures, although I have often looked out for them. Nor is it a history of Eton. No ; this book consists of my impressions as they occurred to me as I pursued the even, or rather, as will appear on perusing the work, the uneven tenour of my way.

If there are any expressions that may shock the gentle reader, let him or her shut it up. It is written by a boy, about a boy's thoughts. What

can be in it, then, but a boy's expressions? And then there is nothing absolutely immoral in it, nothing but a little school-slang.

I have undertaken this work because I am constantly coming across books written by people who appear to know nothing about Eton, and I want to give the world some idea of what an ordinary Etonian thinks of Eton life, and how he really does get on.

Have I not been merciful to myself? Have I represented myself as not prospering in my work? Let others take warning, and my book will have instructed as well as amused. I am not a hypocrite—at least, I hope not; so I have shown myself as no better than I am.

If any one thinks he sees himself painted in this work, I sincerely beg his pardon, and hope he will not be offended by the unintentional likeness.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
I. GETTING UP	1
II. EARLY SCHOOL	13
III. BREAKFAST	20
IV. CHAPEL	31
V. MATHEMATICS	39
VI. AFTER TEN	46
VII. ELEVEN O'CLOCK SCHOOL	56
VIII. AFTER TWELVE	67
IX. DINNER	85
X. AFTER TWO	97
XI. AFTER FOUR	104
XII. TEA	127
XIII. AFTER SIX	136
XIV. GOING TO BED	162

A DAY OF MY LIFE;

OR,

EVERY-DAY EXPERIENCES AT ETON.

I.—GETTING UP.

SIX o'clock. My first impressions are of a dreamy and vague character. I am conscious from a feeling in the tip of my nose, the only portion of me above the bed-clothes, that it is inclined to be cold. I lie and try to collect my thoughts.

Hallo! there's the boys' maid come in to put the grate tidy. She is evidently sleepy and in a bad temper. That I can see, or rather hear, from the way in which she hurls my table and chair to one side, and tosses my cooking utensils that were in her way in the grate to another, and then begins vehemently raking out the ashes and putting them into the coal-scuttle, ready to be carried away. I

B

feel for her, I am sure, having to get up at this time on such a cold morning; but still, under the present circumstances, I deem it expedient to remain (apparently) asleep under the bed-clothes, instead of keeping up a conversation with her while engaged at her work, as I often do.

Now she has done, and is going. Oh, bother! I remember I have a saying lesson to learn for early school. I *must* learn that saying lesson. I've been getting rather into the masters' bad books lately, and I must try and amend. I ought to have learnt that saying lesson last night, and certainly meant to, only I got talking in the passage after prayers, and somehow or other it didn't come off. I must learn it. It is not to be shirked.

I sit up in bed, looking as drowsy as I can, and say, "Susan." "Well, sir!" Susan appears to be very grumpy this morning. "Just light my candle, will you, please?" She does so, and goes. Now then, twenty ticks of my watch, and I'll begin. One, two, three, four, . . . Hallo! what's that? It's the half-hour. I've been to sleep again. Dash it! this will never do. Forty lines to learn; and, by Jove! I promised to call Jenson.

Jenson and I are great pals. We work on what he calls a co-operative principle, which seems to be that I do the work, and Jenson copies it when it is the same for both ; besides my doing all Jenson's other work too, rather to the detriment of my own. That's why I've been falling off lately. I must give up doing that. Jenson has discovered that I usually wake an hour too early, to enjoy the luxury of going to sleep again, and so gets me to call him, "to do such a lot of sap, you know," he says.

Well, I suppose he must be called. I put on my dressing-gown and slippers, having rolled slowly out of bed. It will be advisable to arm myself with a water-jug, for I know what Jenson is to call ; off I go, down the passage. Ugh ! how cold it is. And how the boards do creak. Enough to wake up everybody in the house. Jenson is in bed and asleep, of course. I tumble over his boots going in, and in saving myself nearly break my leg over the coal-scuttle. Bother Jenson ! He is so untidy. What business have his coal-scuttle and boots to be there ? And there again ! I tumble over the leg of his chair and nearly break a picture he has stood in his fireplace, of all places

in the world. At last I reach his bed. "Jenson," I say. "Un" (with a French pronunciation). "Jenson." He opens his eyes and stares stupidly at me. "I say, you told me to call you to finish your pœna." "Oh, ah, yes, all right!" Hang it, he's going to sleep again. "Jenson!" (louder). "I wasn't to leave you till I saw you out of bed; come, I say, I'm not going to stay here all the morning. Do you see this?" I show him the jug. Ah! I thought that would have an effect; he is awake in an instant, and begins to make terms. "Oh, I'm all right awake, you needn't mind waiting."

Well, he seems so at any rate, so I return to my room.

I get out my Horace, and turn into bed to keep warm while learning it. No chance of my going to sleep again. I learn five lines, and dive under the bed-clothes to say it over to myself. . . .

A diabolical noise like a young earthquake rouses me. Dash it! I've been to sleep. It must be a quarter to seven. There's the lift bringing up the coals. This will never do, I must get out of bed and learn it. I may as well light my fire while I am about it. While I am doing this, the gene-

rally useful man (Boots, Coals, &c., that is, if you call a man who attends to coals, Coals, as you call a man who attends to boots, Boots) rushes in, carries off my scuttle-full of ashes, and brings in one full of coals. Oh, dash it! "Bill," I say (his name is Charles, but we call him Bill to distinguish him from the other, whose name is William), "you've brought me the beastly scuttle." It is one, I know it of old, in which the back handle exactly balances, and it will not shoot out the coals without a vigorous heave forward, which endangers one's fingers against the top of the fire-place. That's the third time I've had this coal-scuttle this week I don't call it fair. Bill is something of a philosopher. "Can't help it, sir," says he; "some one had it yesterday, some one will have it to-morrow, some one must have it to-day." Yes, that's all very well, as long as I am not that some one every time. However, Bill has departed, so I cannot bring forward my argument. I feel in a bad temper; I feel everything is going to be against me to-day, as it often is.

Now for my saying lesson. Hallo! though, there's the boys' maid going round the rooms in

the passage above, with her watchman's cry of "Seven o'clock, Mr. So-and-so." I must look sharp and get to the bath, or Hopper will have it. This is a big bath at my tutor's, which I prefer using to having one in my own room. There is squash enough there already. My domain measures about ten feet by eight, and is encumbered by a bed, bureau, washing-stand, table, and chair, not to speak of another table, an armchair, and an ottoman.

Hopper is of the same opinion as myself, and so we always race to the bath; so it is advisable to be early, or I may have to wait. I gather together my soap, sponge, towels, and a few articles of raiment, together with a candle, and start off just as it strikes seven.

There is somebody coming along the passage above. It is Hopper. I push on. I drop my soap. Oh, bother it! I shall lose a lot of time. I have to put down everything I have got in my hands to pick it up. And then what a job it is getting them together again. However, I just manage to reach the bath and bolt myself in when the wily Hopper, who thought to steal a march

on me, arrives. "Oh, I say," he says, "how long will you be?" "I've only just come," I say. "Oh, dash it I say, look sharp." I get into the bath. Ugh! it is full of soapy ice, the remains of some one's bath over night, and I slip up with a bang that makes Hopper waiting patiently, or I should say impatiently, outside sing out to know, "What's up?" I remark that I am down. Hopper is evidently in no mood for joking, and tells me, "not to play the fool, and look sharp." I turn on both taps, but the cold is frozen and only the hot comes. My! how hot it is. I shall be boiled alive, and there will be horrible pictures in the *Police News* of a "fatal accident to a young gentleman," &c., &c. When half way through my ablutions, the cold suddenly begins to run, and the temperature of the bath is changed from above 100° to about 20°. This is pleasant, not to say healthy.

Poor Hopper! he's getting impatient. I'm very sorry. He wants to know how long I am going to be. I try to console him with homely proverbs, such as "Patience is a virtue," &c. He only seems to get more riled. At last I come out, and he rushes in. I return to my room. The boys' maid

has already turned up my bed. Of course she's put away my dirty shirt with all the studs in. That must be got out. Now I am losing time changing my studs into another shirt. I must take glimpses at my saying lesson as I dress. Now for my tie. This is always a work of difficulty, but is especially so with a flickering candle end. And it seems especially obstinate this morning as I am in a hurry. First it gets one end too long, then the other, then it slips round under my ear as if I were going to be hanged, then it comes perpendicularly instead of horizontally. Dash it! I never knew it play such tricks before. Then it slips down. Ah! there I've managed it. It is not very beautiful, but it must do. And there goes my candle out. No hope of my saying lesson now. I must chance it before I go up and say. I see I shan't get through to-day in peace, in spite of my good intentions.

Now for my hair. I must do it by what little daylight there is. I look out. Hallo! it's raining. My hair and my tie are evidently conspiring against me this morning of all mornings, just because I want to get dressed quick. My hair

won't part straight. I overcome it, however, as well as I can in the twilight.

Where are my boots, now? As usual, Bill has brought me the wrong ones. Well, it's some consolation to find they are a pair. I must go and find my own. I start off down the passage with the strange boots in my hand to find my own. Luckily they have only strayed two doors off. The boots I have don't belong to this fellow. Bill has mixed them all; it's his way. He very often brings up odd boots. Well, I can't help that. This fellow Pagin must find the owner of the strange boots. I return in triumph with my own. There! now I am dressed.

Palley comes into my room and wants me to come to Brown's for a coffee and bun. Is there time? Only five minutes. "Oh," says Palley, "lots of time." Hypocrite, he knows perfectly well there isn't. However I like being warm within before I go into the cold schools, so I yield to the tempter. "Come along," says Palley.

Where's my hat? Oh, I know; I left it in Jenson's room last night. I go after it. Now, this is too bad. Jenson is still in bed and asleep.

What is the use of my toiling out of bed to call him, I should like to know? "Jenson, you cow!" I yell at him. "Eh, yes?" He sits up sleepily and wants to know if it is time to get up yet. "Get up!" I say, "why, I called you an hour ago, you lazy beast." "Oh, ah, yes!" says Jenson, and lies down and prepares to go to sleep again. I can't waste any more time on him, he's hopeless. I hunt for my hat. Here it is, shoved away with a lot of books and papers on his mantelpiece. I give him a parting yell and rush off after Palley. We go downstairs and out. Bother! it's drizzling, and I've forgotten my umbrella. However, there's no time to go back for it now. I try to learn my saying lesson as we tear along. No, that doesn't answer; I've already run against three fellows, and butted against a lamp-post which has posted itself where I never recollect having seen it before; some of that precious Board of Works' doings, I daresay. Ran it up in the night on purpose for me to knock my hat against in the morning. Just my luck, all over.

Here we are at Brown's. Everybody is coming out. All the better; we shan't have to wait.

"Coffee and bun, please, Brown." All in a hurry. Brown's seats are small and appear to be unsafe. Also Brown's coffee is not good this morning. I think it has glue in it, or something of that sort. No, it is a flavour of cedar-pencil. I tell Brown so. Well, hang it! I told him for his good ; he needn't get in such a rise about it. He says, "The coffee's good enough." No, there I disagree with Brown. I have paid, or rather am going to pay, my four-pence for a coffee and bun, not for a bun and cedar-pencil-lade. Brown won't see this. I think he is angry this morning. Getting up early doesn't agree with him. Quite right, Brown, nor does it with me. Palley tells Brown, "he thinks he ought to lie in bed longer, as he is getting old." This only makes Brown angrier. He mutters something about "rude young gents." Quite right again, Brown ; Palley is very rude. I tell Palley not to insult Brown on the subject of his age. It is as tender a point with him as with many young ladies. Still Brown is angry. I can't see why. I am trying to stick up for Brown. Perhaps I do it awkwardly, so that Brown does not perceive that I am on his side. Well, there is no time for arguing any longer,

for there is the half-hour, and we must go. Confound it! how long is Brown going to keep me while he hunts for the key of the box where he keeps his change? There, he has got it at last. Palley has no money. Oh, the wile! that's why he was so pressing for me to come with him. Well, come along, I believe we're late as it is.

II.—EARLY SCHOOL.

OF course we are late for school. I told Palley so. Besides, I always am up to this master. It doesn't matter what time I come up, he is always there. I have even tried coming in at the quarter past, but it wasn't any use ; he is always there all the same. I think that he must really sleep in school, but however it is, he is never to be surprised.

How can I slip to my place unobserved ? There ! I might have done it ; if Palley hadn't attracted his attention by tumbling over some fellow's hat. Of course he looks up and is down on me in an instant. "Late as usual, Enby," he says. "As usual." I should like to know what he means, as usual. I scorn the base insinuation. I haven't been late—well, I am sure I haven't been late more than four times this week. And why, I should like to know, doesn't he hop on Palley ? I don't call it fair. I

don't mind being in adversity so much if there is some one to share it with me. Well, I suppose I must attempt some excuse. I say I think they must have put College Clock on again. "In which case," he says, "you are later than you thought." As usual, I've put my foot in it again. I ought to have said put it back.

Well, now I have sat down, I must really concentrate my thoughts on my saying lesson. It's beastly cold this morning. At least, not exactly cold, I don't mind a good honest cold day, but I feel it's going to be muggy. Yes, that's the word, "muggy." I can't see what the virtue consists in, in dragging us out of bed to come and sit in a cold school-room on a morning like this. I once asked my tutor, and he said, "Discipline, discipline," in a way that made me long to hit him on the head. Why must he needs act the hypocrite? I know he no more likes leaving his bed than I do. Why can't he say so? I'm sure I shouldn't despise him for it, so he needn't be afraid of that. Oh, dash it! there are my thoughts wandering again. I must learn this saying lesson.

I seem doomed to interruption this morning.

The master now proceeds to make pointed remarks on our effeminacy in coming in in great coats. Now I do like this. Only the other morning he remarked that we were trying to be manly by not wearing great coats, and said how foolish we were! And now he must come down on us for having them on! Besides, I don't see why he is to direct the whole of his discourse at me in particular as he does, or at any rate seems to do, never taking his eye off me the whole time. I should like, yes I *should* like to give him a bit of my mind on the subject, but I daren't. Well, he has done now, and I must learn this lesson. I don't want to go and get turned. Let's hope there will be no more interruptions.

No, it is not to be. He brings round the Latin prose. Now prose is a thing I do not excel in, I know, but still I don't see that gives him any ground for stopping dead short in front of me and reading out my mistakes with severe criticisms, thereby exposing me to the ridicule of the whole division. I object to it. It's like many other of his ways. It's unfair. Why doesn't he read out somebody else's mistakes for me to laugh at? Then I shouldn't

mind so much. I excuse myself by saying that the mistakes are chiefly only slips of the pen. He quashes this excuse by pointing out whole sentences and constructions that are wrong, and says, sarcastically, "Very considerable slips, I think." He'll drive me mad with that sarcastic way of his, I am sure. I shall do something dreadful. I am naturally inclined to be of a sour temper, and when my anger is aroused let them beware! However, I resign myself to my fate at present, because I don't want to lose any more time, but must get on with that blessed saying lesson.

Then he calls us up to say. I put my fingers into my ears and learn hard all. What a blessing it is that Palley, who is next to me, has to learn his too, or else he'd be interrupting me. Oh, bother! There go my thoughts again. Hallo! it's getting near my turn. I am near the bottom of the division this week. How I got there goodness only knows! I must work hard and get up again. I don't think, though, that it's any use beginning this week. I'll begin next Monday. Thoughts again!

I go up to say. Ah! that's lucky. He has put

me on just at the beginning where I know it best. I say it off fluently. There! I feel more happy now. Perhaps I shall get through to-day without getting into trouble after all. I prepare to move off in triumph, when he calls me back to look over my last week's verses. Oh! now I know there is no hope of my gaining a place in his good books to-day. Verses are not my forte. I have great poetic talent, I know ; I feel it in me, and I sit down prepared to write flowing copies of verses, but somehow or other the poetry won't come out, or if it does it won't go into Latin, or only in a way that loses the whole force of the idea. I know I could write English poetry, because I once did write a poem to a wasp that stung me. I forget how it began, but I know it was very beautiful. I didn't show it to anybody, being always of a very modest disposition. But, putting that aside, Latin verses are out of the question with me. I feel I shall never be sent up for good. I may be sent up for play, if that means, as some fellows say, having an interview with the Head under unpleasant circumstances. Indeed, if that is what it means, I have been sent up for play several times. As for

being sent up for good, that will never be, as I only once ever showed up a copy of verses that were not mauled by my tutor, and those were eventually torn over in school, because they were mostly out of the *Gradus*. I did think that a shame, because my tutor had told me to imitate the Latin poets, and I only did what he told me.

However, to return to this copy of verses. I am sent back to my place to correct them. Hang it all ! just when I wanted to get out of school early, as I have some fellows coming to breakfast. I correct the verses as well as I can, and show them up, and am just preparing to go again, when he calls me back again to give me a *poena* for being so disgracefully late. Disgracefully ! what does he call disgracefully ? Five minutes ! And then I should like to know how a fellow is to get on and do better, even if he tries to ever so hard, when a master goes and sets huge long *poenas* ? Besides, why couldn't he have set it at the time, instead of raising my hopes by making as if he had forgotten it ? It's a shame ! It's a swindle !

At last he lets me go, and I return to my tutor's

feeling very evil-minded against him, my tutor, Jenson, and everybody in general. It strikes me this amendment isn't coming off. It's no use to-day. I'll begin afresh next Monday.

III.—BREAKFAST.

ON my way to my room I look in on Jenson. He is not up, as he has settled matters by sending down to my dame to ask to stay out. I ask him what excuse he can possibly have. "Oh," he says, "general indebility," and wants to know if it's time to get up yet. I tell him, yes, if he wants his bed turned up before breakfast; but then Jenson does not mind breakfasting with his bed down and his room all in a mess. For the matter of that, his room always is in a mess. Jenson is so irregular and uncomfortable in all his ways and means of living.

I leave him and go to my room. Oh, there now! there's that fire out. There is no help for it; the only way to light it is by shoving a newspaper with a candle-end wrapped up in it into the coals, and setting light to it. This does not improve the

shininess of the grate, I know, but that's the boys' maid's look out. She is always puzzled to know what that nasty mess is all over the grate, but I think it advisable to hold my tongue on the subject.

Now, where's my fag? I go out and shout for him. Not come in yet, I suppose. Well, I must go and get a sauce-pot and frying-pan for myself, I suppose, as I mustn't lose any time, or these fellows will be arriving. I go to the cupboard at the end of the passage, and get what I want. I wish fellows would learn to clean the things out when they have done with them. This saucepan appears to have been last used for cooking sardines, probably some of Jenson's experimental cookery, and the frying-pan has a crust of egg-yolk, mixed with something that looks like porridge, at the bottom. The sauce-pot doesn't matter so much, as it's only to boil eggs in, but I must get my fag to wash the frying-pan out when he comes in, as sausages won't be improved by a flavour of egg-yolk and porridge, or whatever it is. I'd get another, only there is one drawback to that, namely, that there are no more. I return to my

room. Bother! there's my fire nearly out again. I put a newspaper over it. Ah! that's satisfactory. It soon gets roaring half-way up the chimney. It doesn't much matter if it sets it on fire. I daresay it hasn't been swept for a couple of years or so. Besides it'll create an excitement, and we want some excitement at this time of the half.

Ah! here's my fag. He wants to know if I want him this morning. What a question! He asks this every morning, and as I want him every morning I should think he might give it up soon; one would think breakfast fagging was a new invention from the surprise he always evinces when I tell him that of course I want him. My fag is a study altogether. Having had various sorts of fags I thought I should like to try and train up the raw material, as I found that fags as a rule after their first half begin to get rather too sharp, so I went and asked the Captain to give me a new fellow, and he certainly has selected about the rawest material he could find. He is incapable of anything. He can't even make tea, for if he isn't carefully looked after he makes it with tepid or cold water, or else he forgets to put

the tea in. As for cooking, though he is very anxious to learn, he spoils everything he turns his hand to. The only things I dare trust him with are eggs, and then only with strong warnings that he is not to lift them out to see how they are getting on, as he is in the habit of doing, though how he thinks he can find out by looking at the shells I don't know, thereby running the risk of smashing them. He burns toast as a rule, and ruins muffins. The only thing he is fit for is scullery-maid's work and foraging for me, while I do all my own cooking ; and he is hardly to be trusted even in that, as if sent to wash a plate he usually breaks it, and if sent on a message he gets the wrong thing. He is rather bigger than I am, but I am sure he stands in great terror of my eye, and he is very nervous, because whenever I look at him or reprove him he looks sadly and reproachfully at me, and looks as if he was going to have a fit or burst into tears, so that I begin to feel frightened and inclined to fall down on my knees and say, "Oh, don't cry, or don't have a fit, please don't ; I'll bear anything, even tea made with cold water, or anything you like, only please don't cry."

But really he's a hopeless job. I have already resolved to have no more to do with the raw material.

Well, now I despatch him to wash the frying-pan. I suppose he'll be an hour over that. The boys' maid now comes round with the orders. I ask her if she can give me any extra, as three fellows can't breakfast off three college rolls and one pat of butter. She replies that that's very likely, but she can't give me no more than my order. Oh, well, the only thing to be done is to despatch my fag with a plate and milk-jug to forage. For a wonder he has cleaned that frying-pan in something under ten minutes. While he is gone I prepare the sausages. He returns in about five minutes. Really, he is getting quite sharp ; he has secured six rolls and a plate full of ends of butter, which he has systematically cut off everybody's order all round the house. Now he must go and get a kettle. 'Pon my word ! he has only been three minutes over that ; I really think he may improve. When we have made the tea I put the sausages on the fire, and tell him to watch them, and see that they don't burn ; I think he can be trusted with

that. Meanwhile I may as well finish my extra work for ten o'clock school ; I meant to have done that last night but somehow or other I didn't. Bother the thing ! I can't find it anywhere. Now that's that boys' maid again. That's the third extra work she has lost this week. She is always taking the papers I particularly want to light the fire, while any paper I may happen to throw into the grate she puts back carefully on my table. The only thing to be done is to begin it again. Just my luck. Now I shall get another *pœna*, and be getting into trouble again.

My fag wants to know if the sausages are done. Oh, bother him ! he has been prodding them with a fork till he has burst them. He says he thought they ought to be prodded. I wish he'd do as he's told, and not think. Besides, he's let the sausages burn all on one side. What an ass I was to let him have anything to do with them ! However, we manage the sausages and begin on the eggs. There are six of them. They won't all boil at once, so it's no use my fag trying to put them all into the sauce-pot at the same time. I think I can really trust him to watch the eggs, while I go on

with my extra work. If he touches them, I'll — !

I can't do these sums. Well, I must make what Palley calls a patent extra work. This consists in putting down the questions, and a few stray A's and B's about the place, and leaving them, putting W or "Cant" at the end of every sum, and there's the extra work. It pacifies the master.

That fag is enough to rile a saint. He has not been able to resist looking at the eggs to see how they are getting on, but has smashed one. "Well, put the other relay of eggs in, and get out of my sight, or I feel I shall do something violent. I can manage these eggs for myself." My fag goes. "Oh, hi, I want some more chairs." He goes and gets them from somewhere, and flees, evidently fearing my anger.

Ah! here's one of my guests. Now, I have never seen either of these two fellows in my life before. They are new fellows that I have been asked to look after by my people. I suppose that means asking them to breakfast once or twice, as how else I am to look after two fellows at other houses and far below me in the school, whom I

shan't probably see above once a month, I don't know. This fellow just arrived is a very small boy with a very big head. He looks as if he thought a good deal. 'Pon my word, I don't know what it is, but I never felt so shy in my life, I don't know what to say. I say, "Ah, how d'ye do?" and remark that he is rather late. It strikes me now I have said this, that it must give him the idea that I am cross. I motion him to a chair, and say, "I shall be ready in a minute," and ask him if he knows when the other fellow is coming. Oh, confound it! he doesn't know that other fellow. I was in hopes he did, then they might have done the talking between themselves.

There now! I haven't got enough knives and forks. I go and shout for my fag, and send him to forage. Now he has got them, and the eggs are finished. When is that other fellow coming, I wonder?

Oh, here he is at last. I wish him "Good morning," and tell him to take a seat, and then sit down myself. By way of a beginning I say brightly, so as to draw them out, "I think we had better begin." I really feel very uncomfortable. I don't

know which of these fellows is which ; they seem as shy of me. I begin conversation by saying, "You had better put your hats down here." Up to this time they had been sitting nursing their hats as if they were afraid to let them out of their keeping. They seem to give them up rather reluctantly ; do they think I am going to steal them ?

Then I help them to tea and sausages. I feel the only thing to be done is to keep their mouths full, so I keep their plates well supplied. Now I feel I ought to say something, so I turn to one, and say, "Oh, you're Kydd, aren't you ?" which so confuses him that he nearly chokes. It eventually turns out, when he has recovered, that the other is Kydd. Well, I've discovered that, that's a satisfaction. Now I know which is which, I can inquire after their respective people, and we can get up a short conversation.

I wish these enraged proprietors of knives, forks, &c., wouldn't keep banging in after their property, and after standing for a moment in the doorway staring, when they perceive that there are strangers in the room, rush out in an equal hurry, saying, "Oh, I beg your pardon." It gets mono-

tonous after it has been repeated about six times.

Come, these two youths have certainly the largest appetites I ever saw. They have polished off all the victuals I had provided. And besides, they're wasting my time. I must think how I can get rid of them now I have done my duty by them in my opinion. I can't say, "Come, you've had your breakfast and you'll get no more, so you'd better go," or anything of that sort, as they might think it rude. But it's getting close on chapel-time, and I must get rid of them somehow. So I say gently but pointedly, "Hadn't you better go and get ready for chapel?" "Oh, no," says one, "I'm quite ready, thank you," and the other says something to the same purpose. This won't do, I must make a bold stroke. "Well," I say, "I must say good-bye now, I hope you'll excuse me. I always go and have a look at the papers before chapel. Good-bye, remember me to your people, I hope you've enjoyed yourselves." And so, taking up my hat, I go, leaving them to find their own way downstairs. "Hope they've enjoyed themselves!" It's more than I have, I've been on pins and needles the

whole time. I shouldn't have thought two new fellows could have made me so shy. Well, at any rate, that's a duty owing paid, and I've done a sort of extra work for ten o'clock school, and so I'm all clear just at present.

Oh bother! there's the chapel-bell; I shan't be able to look at the papers now. I meet Palley, he says it's raining, and I had better get my umbrella to go to chapel. I go up to look for it. Where is it? I have been hunting for it for about five minutes. Now I shall be late for chapel. Oh, I know! I'll go and look in Jenson's room, that's a sure place to find any lost article.

Jenson is sure it isn't in there, nevertheless, I find it in his corner. He can't think how it came there, can't he? It's very odd what an attachment these inanimate things have for Jenson. How they crowd into his room to pay him a visit, in spite of his not wanting them! Why there's my umbrella so anxious to see Jenson that it has walked of its own accord from my room to his, three doors down the passage. Come along, Palley, or we shall be late.

IV.—CHAPEL.

OH, we're not so very late after all; we've got exactly three minutes by my watch. Now what possible object can Palley have for being in such a hurry. He is always in a hurry. I never saw such a fellow.

There is one objection to walking anywhere with Palley. He has a habit of, whenever he wishes to make any casual remark it doesn't matter upon what subject, of catching holding of my arm, which I feel has the effect of my appearing to be drunk and incapable of standing upright or walking straight. I feel that I must lose my character for sobriety in the eyes of any one who is not acquainted with this peculiarity of Palley's. I remonstrate with him on this subject, and what does he do? He catches hold of my arm, and says, "It must be your bad conscience that makes you think so, old

fellow." This is too bad. I shake him off. Then I keep just far enough off him so as not to make it appear as if we had quarrelled, while at the same time I get out of his reach. I wonder why it is, that if two fellows are walking together, as I always notice, they always keep getting closer and closer together until they cannon off each other, and then they keep apart for a little further and so on. It's just this way that Palley and I have been going on all the way, as far as we have got yet. I wonder if we are going to keep on at it all the way to chapel. I don't know which is the worst habit of Palley's, this, or that awful habit he has of trying to make puns on every possible occasion. It gets monotonous after a time. Then he has another habit that bores one after a time, that is, he has a stock of quotations, which he brings out at all opportunities, not caring much whether they are appropriate or not. I always make a habit of suppressing him when he does this, so he has rather given it up with me; but I often hear him talking in the passage, and bringing out one of his ten or a dozen quotations, or attempting an atrocious pun.

Bother the Board of Works ! What does it want to go and put lines across the road to trip respectable people up ? I never saw such a Board of Works. It consists of an old gentleman in a little basket-carriage and a fat pony. It is always grubbing up the roads or the pavement as if they had lost the whereabouts of the drains and wanted to find them. Or else they try different kinds of soil for road-making purposes. I have seen in the road, in front of my tutor's, which I suppose they look upon as a good one to practise on, as it goes nowhere in particular, no less than six kinds of soils laid down in a fortnight. At present it is a coarse kind of sand, which has a pleasing effect on one's boots on a day like this. What the Board of Works is engaged in just at present is laying down a new pavement. It isn't in the least wanted ; in fact it's rather a disadvantage, as it prevents the coal-carts coming close up to our coal-hole. But I suppose the Board of Works is hard up for something to do, so they have put down a lot of clay on the side of the road, and are laying paving-stones over that, and then by way of cementing these together, they smear a lot of mud over them. I don't know

much about paving myself, but this isn't the way I should go to work.

How everybody seems to be afflicted with a building mania this half. It seems as if all the masters had tried each to build his house a storey higher than the other. I shouldn't much wonder if some night a high wind carried off two or three top storeys of some of the houses.

And then the College repairs. They have been going on for the last year. That is as far as scaffolding goes. I can't answer for the work part of the business; it is being done by contract evidently, from the way its done. And from the religious way in which the men attend school matches and all other school sights, I presume they are working by the hour. They always get very busy just about chapel time, and drag about planks and drop them about on the roof while we are in chapel. Then another thing they occupy themselves with, is dropping things playfully on fellows' heads over the battlements, if you call those things battlements at the top of the chapel. I know what they have done, though. They've pulled off all the lead from the roof, and havn't

put any new down, and the rain only comes in worse than before. If you look up at the roof, you can see daylight in between the planks. The rain comes in awfully badly. I myself have sat under a drop three halves in succession. I don't call it fair. I believe the authorities have a spite against me. They think I am idle, and take care to settle that my seat every half should be calculated to a nicety to come under a drop, as a sort of punishment. I wonder if my drop will wear through to my brain in time, like in China. That's one of the inconveniences which I have to undergo in chapel. I wonder if it will drop to-day. And I can't put up my umbrella, because that wouldn't be decorous. Another inconvenience is that fellow who will persist in singing through his nose just behind me. I hope he's staying out to-day.

Palley remarks that I am very silent. Well, I was thinking ; now a few words to Palley, now I have got him to myself ; I tell him that I am going to try and amend, and ask him to promise not to put all his many temptations in my way. Not to talk to me in school and that sort of thing. He promises faithfully ; I wonder how long he'll keep his promise.

Who is this just subsided on his way upstairs just in front of us? It is Dollard, the small-tug. He is a marvel; he stands about three foot in his thickest boots, I should think; he always seems to be in difficulties with the end of his gown. I have seen him about six times since he was first pointed out to me, and I really think he has been on his nose, having fallen over the edge of his gown, four times out of those six. He is a youth of most stolid appearance; he looks as if he didn't care for anybody. I believe he gets considerably humbugged in College, but he likes being taken notice of, so he doesn't mind.

Well, shall I pick him up now, and act the good Samaritan? Oh! there's his big friend, whom he always selects to walk with, to show off his own inferior height, I suppose, come to help him. He lifts him up gently, like the clown does the pantaloons, and pulls his hat off his eyes. It's a touching sight, although it makes one inclined to laugh.

Where shall I put my hat? All the places are engaged already; that's what comes of coming in late. Oh, well, I suppose I must put it on the ground; I am not going to take it in to be trodden

on and kicked about under the seat. No ; I think I shall sacrifice some one else's hat to mine. "Chacun pour soi," as the French say ; and I suppose my umbrella will do there. Oh, bother ! why does every one come into chapel so early ? it makes one feel shy when one is the only fellow, or one of the only two fellows walking up the aisle. Here we are at my seat ; there *is* a drop in it.

* * * * *

Chapel is over. I really forget, now 'pon my word I do, whether I brought in an umbrella or not. Well, I suppose, that as there is no umbrella beside my hat, I didn't. By Jove, though, it isn't my hat. This hat that has been left in its place evidently belongs to a fellow with an exceptionally small head. It only just sits on the very tip of my head. Dash it ! I shall never be able to go to school in this hat ; I shall be the ridicule of the whole division. Well, I pity the fellow who has got mine, as, my head being an exceptionally large one, I guess he'll be requiring some help out of my hat. I suppose I must make this hat do for this school, and then see what I can do to regain my own. Hallo ! who is this

coming up the steps? It's Barnes in my division. He has got my hat, and doesn't look over satisfied with his bargain. I hail him, and we exchange hats. But what do I see in his hand?—my umbrella, by the holy poker! Perfidious villain! he thought to crib my umbrella, did he? ah, then he shouldn't have carried it too far, and taken my hat as well. I am down on him in an instant. He pretends he took it by mistake, does he? I don't believe it. My umbrella has got the handle all gnawed; I gnaw it whenever I meditate. I don't believe there can be more than one gnawed umbrella at Eton. No, no, don't let him tell me; I believe he took it on purpose, and if a special Providence hadn't made him take my hat as well, I should never probably have seen it again. However, I keep my suspicions to myself and set off with Palley to go to Mathematics.

V.—MATHEMATICS.

PALLEY has lost his umbrella, and not having been as lucky as I have in regaining it, begs for a lift under mine. I know perfectly well what this means. It means neither fellow getting any benefit from the umbrella, but both go along putting their heads together under it like two love-birds, imagining that they are being sheltered, while the drops come all down one side of each of them, not to speak of the ends of the ribs every now and then keeping scrape, scrape, against one's hat, which has a tendency to rile one. Still, I suppose poor Palley must have some share of mine.

But when I let Palley come under my umbrella, I don't think he ought to keep grumbling at me to "keep it straight," as he does. Luckily there is no room under the umbrella for Palley to keep catching hold of me, or else it is that he refrains out of

respect to my feelings, for fear I should turn him out into the wet.

Here we are, and there is our master going up. I'm rather glad, as we haven't got to wait under a crowd of dripping umbrellas, with some one's umbrella probably trickling down the back of one's neck. We have to go down the passage holding the umbrella on high so as to avoid spiking those of the other fellows who are waiting for their respective masters to come up. It requires a good deal of skill to steer one's way through, but we manage it somehow and arrive at our room. I move that the windows should be opened. The room is very stuffy. This provokes a rebuke from the master for not attending to my own business. As if it wasn't my business whether I should be suffocated or not.

I abominate these Mathematical Schools. They are small, close, and in many cases let the rain in. There is a dodge in the ceiling, by way of ventilating the room, just over my head, which blows air and occasionally drips dirty water down my back. It isn't good for me. I am delicate. I shall be ill, and then whose fault will it be? I wish they'd look

sharp and finish the new Mathematical School now being built, also by contract.

The master first collects our extra work. He doesn't appear quite so satisfied with mine on glancing at it as he might be. I am to wait afterwards, am I? I know what that means. Palley has no extra work at all. He has lost it. I wonder if he ever did it. Of course I don't mistrust Palley's word, but he usually does all his work in my room, and I can't say I remember. I ask him casually if he did do it. He says, virtuously indignant, that "of course he did." Well, of course it isn't my affair, but—— There, that'll do. Who am I that I should judge Palley?

The master next puts some sums up on the board for us to do. We are doing Trigonometry; that is, we are supposed to be doing it, but I'm sure I can't get it into my head, and I know very few of the division can. I put down a sum in my book, and try it, work it out. I never saw such stuff as this Trigonometry. I can't manage it a bit. I haven't even arrived at the difference between the *sine* and *cosine*, and we've been at it a month. I feel inclined to give it up. But no,

I'll persevere, and perhaps it will dawn upon me in time.

Now Palley's conduct is perfectly absurd. We haven't been in school above a quarter of an hour, and he already wants to know if it isn't nearly time to be going. I take out my watch, and after abstruse calculation, I practically demonstrate to him that it wants forty-two minutes and a half to the end of school. He says, "Oh," and goes on a little time with his work.

That's a grand watch of mine. It is about three inches in diameter and fat in proportion. I am continually getting chaffed about my watch. I believe the truth is that fellows are jealous of it. They say all sorts of things about it. They say that I am in the habit of using the outer case for a warming-pan. Palley solemnly declares, but then Palley is capable of declaring anything, that he once came in when I was going to bed and found me, having placed the poker through the ring of the key, walking round and round like a horse in a threshing-machine, to wind it up. However, I don't care what they say. It is an old family watch, and it has a glass that has dropped on a

stone fireplace without breaking. Besides, it is such a good-going watch, barring the fact that it doesn't keep very good time. It has a way of going about four hours to every one, but then if you are used to it you have only to do a little sum to find out the right time, and if it is let run down at night you can start all right again next morning.

Palley, in about ten minutes, is evidently beginning to get tired of Trigonometry. He has been up for help five times in as many minutes, and now he wants me to join him in a game of noughts and crosses ; Palley has a very puerile mind. I refuse, telling him I want to work. He says, "Bosh," and knocks down my book. I pick it up and expostulate. Of course the master sees me, and sets me a *pæna* for talking. That's just my luck. "Awfully sorry," says Palley, "only did it in humbug. Never mind, I'll do the *pæna* for you." This is all very fine, but Palley knows perfectly well that I won't let him. I wish he'd leave me alone. How about that promise he made just before chapel ? As for turning over a new leaf it seems hopeless. It seems to have stuck down to the next leaf.

We go on with our work. I have been at this same sum the whole of school. I have tried it all sorts of ways, but it is no good, it only gets more and more hopelessly entangled. The result is when at the end of school we are each asked how many we have done, some say ten, some eight, but none less than five, except Palley and myself. Palley has done one. We have to stop, "retained for our defence," as Palley whispers to me. I do wish Palley could be serious sometimes; he will make his jokes even at the most solemn of times. I give him a reproachful look as we stand awaiting our sentence.

The master has a few words to say with us about our extra work. He has long noticed a decided falling off in our work, he says. I can't help it. In the first place, I can't do the sums; and in the second place, that boys' maid will always throw my extra works away. But I have told him this five times, and he won't believe the excuse now. It is a shame. Well, at present, I think it best to bow my head to the storm, and so I stand listening to what he has got to say. I wish Palley wouldn't keep nudging me and grinning at me behind my

back. It is impossible to look grave under these circumstances. I know he is doing it, though I can't see him.

Well, it's over now, and we must get back to my tutor's.

There, I knew how it would be. We are late for Construing. My tutor looks displeased at us, and tells us coldly it's no use coming now, we had better go and write the lesson out. I see he is beginning to look upon me as hopeless. Isn't this all enough to make any fellow in a rise?

We go upstairs. Palley is of course delighted at having got off construing. He wants me to join in his delight. I don't see it. I have got my good name to get back. Palley never had one; he began his bad ways directly he came, so has no character to lose.

Well, at any rate, I'm going to sap now. I mean to learn my Homer better, as I'm sure to be put on in school. I get out my books. Well, I may as well do that translation for my tutor while I am about it, and kill two birds with one stone. There! there! Jenson and Palley have got hold of a football from somewhere, (not Jenson's I'll be bound, his was confiscated long ago,) and are beginning a game in the passage. It is hopeless to try and learn a lesson while this is going on. My room being at the end of the passage my door represents the goal, and the ball comes banging against it

every time Jenson gets a goal, which, as Palley is by no means a superior player, and has more regard for his shins than for the ball, occurs about three times a minute. Jenson has by this time got thirty-seven goals as far as I can judge. I feel it's no use trying to sap. I give it up as a bad job and go out to join them.

"Come on, Carlo," says Jenson ; "you go on Palley's side." There ! that's just my luck all over. I have hardly touched the ball when up comes my tutor. We, or rather Jenson and Palley, have been disturbing him at construing. He can hear every sound in the house, as the house is constructed on strictly acoustic principles, which I call mean. Jenson and Palley hear him, and escape of course, leaving me standing here in the passage with the ball. I think they might stick by a fellow in adversity. My tutor is in an awful rise. He wants to know whose ball it is. I don't know ; oh, here's a name ; why, I'm bothered if it isn't mine. How did Jenson get hold of it ? Now it will be confiscated, I suppose ? Yes, there my tutor puts it under his arm ; that's just the way ; no sooner do I begin to make ever so little

a row, which very seldom occurs, than up comes my tutor. That's how I've got a rowdy name with him. Other fellows kick up six times as much row, and somehow always manage to get out of it.

My tutor comes to my room. I suppose he is going to give me a lecture. Oh! there's the crib I've just been using on the table. My tutor only gets more savage at this, and tells me something about how idle I am, and says he'll write home to my people. I really never did see such bad luck as I've had the whole of the last week; I don't believe I've been out of hot water the whole of that time; and somehow or other, whenever I try to amend something comes and puts itself in the way and stops me; it is enough to make any one despondent; well, he's done at last, and has gone down the passage with the crib under one arm, and the ball under the other. It is of no use my telling him it wasn't I; he only wants to know who it was, and of course I am not going to tell him that.

I go to Palley and Jenson and reproach them with their perfidy. Also I point out to them what a hindrance they are to my work. Jenson says,

"Oh, bosh, old fellow, do as I do, you'll get on all right. I have so much to do, that I never have time to do any ;" and then he wants to have a race on chairs down the passage. No, I won't; I'm going to keep quiet; besides, he ought to be ashamed of himself for always behaving like a lower boy in the passage. He says, "Oh, if you're going to come the fool like that, you had better go." There! now I'm beginning to quarrel with my friends; I really have half a mind to give up being good, and since I am considered rowdy by the masters, really to be so. No, I think I'll try a little longer; but if only Palley and Jenson would leave me alone, I should get on better. I can't make out how it is that I ever got such awful friends with them; I suppose it's because we were all new fellows together.

Well, I'm going on with my sapping now. Oh bother! here is that beast of a charwoman in possession. Why, it's "charwoman-day" again. I always notice the round of the week by her coming in, and, whether it is that time passes very quickly at Eton, or that disagreeable things are always quick enough in recurring, it always seems to be

charwoman-day. She comes in to help the boys' maid to bring in the washing, and to scrub the floor with some composition that looks like marmalade, which I believe is all she exists upon, as she always looks very sticky. While she is in the house she does some of the rooms, and she always chooses mine to do, because she knows I do not like it. She hates me because I never can recollect her name, and always address her, when I am obliged to, and that is as often as I can possibly avoid, as Mrs. Charwoman. I object largely to the charwoman, because she lies in ambush till I have unwarily left my room, if only for a moment, and then she rushes in with all her implements, so that I find her in full possession when I return. It is quite impossible to do any sap while she is there, as she kicks up enough dust to choke any one but herself. She seems to like it, as she never by any chance opens the window, nay, if they are open, she shuts them, and leaves them so, so that on my return, I find the room reeking with dust mixed with a certain peculiar "essence of charwoman," which is not at all agreeable. I believe she does this to keep me out of my room, while she does her

weekly toilet with my brush and comb. At least I know I went in there once when she was doing my room, and found her fumbling about at my washing-stand, though what she was doing I couldn't exactly see, owing to the cloud of dust there was in the room. Another thing she does that I object to is what she calls "tidying my room." She does this by carefully moving all my furniture, except the bed and bureau, which are too heavy, or else I have no doubt she would move them, to a different part of the room to that in which I like them. Then she takes the trouble to turn my table with the drawer to the wall. Then she collects all stray articles, such as boots, books, coats, &c., and piles them up in a sort of tower of Babel in the middle of the table, and puts my ink-pot on the top. Over this she puts my hat, so that when I come in and rush angrily to take this all down, I pull away my hat if I happen to forget her habits, and down comes the ink-pot over all the other things. She likes this, because it makes a mess. As to my papers, she is worse than the boys' maid. I really can't help admiring the ingenuity she exhibits in hiding them. The trouble she takes to

find new places is quite surprising. She must really climb about on chairs and in all sorts of places to conceal them, for I find them in my boots, in my washing-stand, on the top of the bed, behind the bureau, and in all manner of places. Then with my ornaments—she breaks one as regularly as clockwork every week. Then she knows it's of no use putting it on the cat, because there is no cat, so she comes and says, "Oh sir, I'm so sorry, I've had an accident with one of your ornaments," and of course I have to forgive her. I don't mind for once in a way, but it comes expensive after a time. It's of no use buying expensive ornaments. I should be ruined in no time. Nor is it any good getting strong ones. She feels it is her duty to break one article a week, and she does it somehow.

Well, there's no work to be done while she's in possession. And there's the quarter. Time to go to school. There! there's the whole of my after-tan wasted. Well, now I must get my books out of my room and be off to school. I go into my room. Pouff! what a smell of dust! I open the window. "Oh, sir!" says the charwoman, "please

shut that window ; I have got such a drefful cold." I can't help that ; I can't be smothered, no, not for a dozen charwomen. Oh, hooray ! she is getting sulky, and won't go on doing my room. Triumph ! I have routed the charwoman. I shall try this dodge of opening the window another day when I want to get rid of her. I wonder I never thought of it before. Really, I feel in a much better temper after that. I collect my books, put on my hat, and start off to school. Now, as long as I am not put on I don't care.

VII.—ELEVEN O'CLOCK SCHOOL.

OF course, because I'm in time, the masters are longer in Chambers than usual. I wonder what they're doing ; I never knew them so long before. Eleven o'clock school being at a quarter past, they usually turn up about twenty-five past, but to-day they seem to be going to be much longer.

De Spahre comes up to us and wonders what is keeping the masters so long. "Oh, don't you know ?" says Palley, who always delights in hounding poor old De Spahre ; "haven't you heard the masters have had an awful row ? Some one has sent an anonymous note to each of the masters, chock-full of insults, and they each think it's the other, and so they're having an awful row in there. I dare say, if you go and look in at the window, you'll see them all at it hammer and tongs." Palley ought to be ashamed of himself, imposing

on De Spahre's credulity in this way. He takes it in like so much cream cheese ; and when the masters do come up, as they are beginning to do at last, I really believe he expects to see them all with black eyes, or holding handkerchiefs to their noses.

I wonder, though, what they do do in Chambers. I believe they only gossip and retail all the scandal to each other. I believe I know, though, what my tutor does. He goes round and collects all the evidence he can against me. He hates me. He used once to like me, but ever since he got caught in a booby-trap that I'd set for Jenson, and he chose to walk into, he's had a grudge against me ; and when one's tutor has a grudge against one, what is the use of trying to work ?

It's precious damp standing about here. I wish our master would come up ; I am getting tired of waiting. Palley, who must have a fling at everything, must needs begin insulting the glorious old Eton arms, which we are standing under. He ridicules the three noble lilies. They certainly are of a sort that is not seen every day, but then that only makes them more worthy of veneration. And

then he laughs at the lion, and says it's not a bit like a lion. I am not going to stand here and hear that lion cried down; no, I stick up for the lion. To be sure, he is rather meagre, but he makes up for it by having made all his strength go into that magnificent tail of his, which he curls at such graceful angles, and the benevolence expressed by his smile extending from ear to ear, while, at the same time, he extends his paw, as if anxious to shake hands with all people in token of amity, makes up for all bodily defects. No, Palley is not going to insult the Eton arms in my hearing with impunity.

However, here come the masters, one after the other, two and two, like Noah and his family coming out of the ark, each telling the other the last joke. Ours doesn't seem to be coming. Palley declares he is stopping to have one final round, or else he is mopping up the gore. Palley should learn more respect for his "pastors and masters."

This is getting exciting. Twenty-five minutes make a run—at least, that's what fellows say; I don't know that there's any statute about it. There

are only three minutes more, and we shall feel ourselves entitled to go. Not he ; our master's not going to give us a run. Here he comes, and we follow him upstairs. "Now be a good fellow, and don't humbug this school," I say to Palley. He promises faithfully ; but there ! I know what Palley's promises are ; I've had too much experience.

I wish I didn't sit next to Palley. Somehow or other we always manage to take next to each other in trials, and we come together nine times out of ten, when we change places every week. I suppose it's because we do, or rather don't do all our work together. He is such a bother. He is so lively and won't let me attend.

Now to school. Now I'll try if I can't get through this school without getting into trouble. There now ! to begin with, I haven't got a pen. And I must have a pen to take notes. I must ask the master to lend me one. He lends me one on condition that I bring it back. Well, on that subject I have my doubts. I have every intention of doing so, of course ; but then I have a habit of eating my pens while I hold them in my hand, when not

writing. I don't mean to, but it's of no use. I suddenly, as it were, come to myself out of a sort of reverie, and find myself chawing away at my pen like anything. I can't help it. The amount of pens I consume is something marvellous. It is ruinous. A quill pen lasts me about a quarter of an hour, a wooden one disappears over a copy of verses, and a bone one, if it is extra tough, may just last me through the week. The only sort of pen that I can't get through is one of my own invention. It is a sort of ironclad pen, made of a wooden pen cased in two magnum-bonums. And then as for pencils, I spend a small fortune in them. I buy a pencil, for instance; it is always a bone or metal one, a wooden one would be no good. Then I internally register a resolution not to put it near my mouth. Not the slightest use in the world. I wake out of my meditations and find myself crashing into the machinery in a way that ruins the pencil, besides filling my mouth with some muck they put in to make it work easily. I must really break myself of this habit.

Well, to keep this pen, which of course I must take extra care of, as it isn't mine, I must keep

on writing hard all, and take notes. We have to take notes up to this master,—what he calls “analytical notes,” that is, we have to divide them into different heads. I can’t understand the system. I always get the heads mixed up. I never score many marks for my notes. However, I am going to take notes violently this school, and not attend to Palley’s humbugging. I must take them full, as it is of no use to try and take them short, and enlarge them afterwards. I have tried all sorts of ways for taking notes. First I tried taking them in shorthand; but then I could never make out what the shorthand meant afterwards. Then I tried them with a sort of shorthand of my own invention. But I didn’t find that answer much better, because I used to come to things like this, ST ∴ ⊕ which I daresay conveyed some meaning to me when I put it down; but as for making it out, when I came to enlarge my notes, two or three days afterwards, I found it morally impossible. So now I find it best to take the notes down fully, without any abbreviation whatever.

Come this is beginning to look well. There’s only about a quarter of an hour more, and I have

not been put on. Perhaps, if I can keep from the master's notice, I may get through this school without getting into hot water. By this time, I have taken two pages of closely-written notes, and shall begin to easy off, or I shall have taken a great deal too many at this rate by the end of school. Besides, I want to turn over, and I haven't any blotting-paper. Ah! there's Mawger in front of me has some, but I can't attract his attention without attracting the master's too, and I don't want to do that, as he will put me on, and I have rather a vague notion of what the lesson is about. I have heard of mesmeric influence and all that ; perhaps if I stare hard at Mawger's back I shall influence him, and he will turn round. No, it doesn't seem to answer. Well, I must give up taking notes till the ink is dry. I have taken a good lot already ; but it will look rather odd, won't it, for them all to be at the beginning of the lesson, and none at the end. However, they'll have to do.

The fellow who has been construing has sat down, and the master begins asking questions. It is very odd that whenever a question is asked and comes round to me, I either don't know it or else forget

it, till it is too late to say, or else it sticks in my throat like Macbeth's Amen, till it has passed me. When a question is asked that I do know, the fellow just above me always seems to know it too, so I never get the credit of answering a question. The questioning is over. Now will he put me on? I try to make out the next ten lines or so, and manage a tolerably good translation, when some one else is put on. That's all right; I'm safe for the next five minutes, and then if I can keep from his notice, I shall do. Now I'm not going to take my eyes off my book.

Hallo! just in time. I come to myself and find my pen approaching my mouth. Palley has got tired of sitting still and not talking, and wants to begin. He has already cut half his name on the desk. Palley will never take warning from experience. He has already had four knives confiscated this half for cutting his name, and it isn't as if it was anything to be handed down to posterity, because he has never, as far as I know, finished it, but he still perseveres, and he leaves PALL, PA, PAL, and I once knew him to get as far as PALLE, all over the desks wherever he has sat.

And now he must needs put the knife close to me as I compose myself to attend, and suddenly whisper "Carlo!" so that of course when I turn round sharp, the knife goes into me about an inch and a half. Confound Palley and his practical jokes! I do wish he'd look out what he's doing. I shan't be able to sit down for a week with comfort. I remonstrate with Palley in a whisper. He says, "he's awfully sorry, he didn't mean to do it." I daresay, but I wish he wouldn't do it. What does he want now I have attended to him? He wants me to write him a notice to put in Williams's about his umbrella, which he lost in Chapel. No, I won't, let him do it himself. Then of course he says I am sulky. There now, again! Of course if he says that, I must write it to show I am not. But I think it's enough to make any one sulky, the way luck has gone against me all day.

I calculate by my watch that there are only five minutes more. Still, a good deal may happen in five minutes. I tear out a sheet from my notebook to write Palley's notice on. What can I put, I should like to know?

"Five shillings reward." No, Palley don't want

to give five shillings. Then "Lost, stolen, or strayed." No, I don't think that will do. Well, what can I put? "The person who took," no "took," is rather strong. "The person who borrowed an umbrella from chapel by accident this morning, will greatly oblige the owner by returning it when he has done with it." There, I think that will do. It is not a marvel of English composition, perhaps, but it'll have to do.

There, I knew how it would be. The fellow has done construing, and sits down. The master looks about for another victim. I try to hide myself behind the fellow in front. No use. The master has caught sight of the advertisement. "Bring that paper here," he says. I have to take it to him, and he reads it out, making me the ridicule of the whole division. He is always doing that. Isn't it enough to make any one angry? Well, then he sends me back to my place. I don't care, I have had my revenge. He won't get his pen back. That's gone where the good pens go. I don't exactly know when, but I do know that there is nothing left of it but just a few mangled remains.

Well, of course I am put on. I feel uncommonly

nervous. Oh, good luck! this bit has come once before. That's the beauty of Homer. He is always repeating the same thing over again. It's lucky I attended so well at the beginning of school.

He begins by asking me one or two questions on the bit just construed. I miss two of them. Now he wants to know if I can quote anything to illustrate ΠΟΜΠΗ. Well, I can't say I can. I know what it means, it means a procession. But then, as he says when I tell him this, he didn't ask that.

I look up to the ceiling as if I knew, but didn't quite recollect a quotation. What is that Palley's whispering? "Pompey and Cæsar berry much alike, 'specially Pompey." Bother Palley! if he can't prompt better than that, he'd better not try to at all. I believe I shall be in a row after all. Now I have to go on. The master has evidently given me up as a failure in the quotation line. I begin fluently, "ΤΟΝ Δ' ΑΠΑΜΕΙΒΟΜΕΝΟΣ," when he says, "I don't think you need construe that all again!" My hopes are shattered. I'm in for it. Hurray! there's the clock, and school is over for to-day.

VIII.—AFTER TWELVE.

COMING in with Palley from school, we are fallen on by the Captain of my tutor's at the door, who wants to know if we are going to play? Well, I don't know. It certainly isn't a very nice day for playing as it has been keeping up a constant drizzle all day. On the whole, though, I think I'll play; I daresay it won't be a bad game, as a lot of fellows won't play on account of the weather, and it won't be such a beastly big game as it sometimes is, when you don't get a chance of touching the ball: Yes; I think I will play. Palley, who is under the impression, though no one but himself is, that he has some chance of getting his colours, puts down his name for the same reasons as myself and we proceed upstairs to change.

Changing is a long process, that is, it takes a long time to begin. Most fellows stand dawdling

out in the passage, perhaps taking off a garment every now and then, until it becomes necessary to retire to one's room to finish the rest, for fear of shocking the charwoman's feelings. If done without dawdling, I should think (I have never tried) it would take about ten minutes. As it is, I take about twenty-five.

However, to-day, after taking off my coat and waistcoat in Palley's room, untying my tie in Gownard's room, unlacing my boots in Jenson's, and so gradually approaching my own room I at last arrive there and devote myself to the more severe part of changing.

The first thing to do is to scrape the mud off my boots. This ought to have been done yesterday, but, owing to my usual forgetfulness, it wasn't. The result is, that my boots are as stiff as if they were made of cast iron and very uncomfortable. I haven't room to stretch my toes. Dash it! I shan't be able to play up a bit. Moral: don't put off greasing your boots.

Hal! here's another accident. My change-inexpressible's have gone! I don't mean in the sense of disappeared, but as a lady's dress goes at

that mysterious region, the gathers. I don't find this out till I have got them on. Oh, well! I must go to Palley. Palley is a great needleman. He does bungle things a good deal, but then, if you don't mind a button being occasionally sewn on to the back of your neck to fasten your collar on, or some other little mishap of that sort, he is, taking him all in all, a pretty neat sempster (I suppose that's the masculine for sempstress). So I go to Palley, who though rather behindhand with his changing himself, good-naturedly consents to sew me up. This operation being performed successfully, Palley only running the needle into me about seven times, I return to my room to finish changing, telling Palley to wait for me. I put on a large blue sort of jersey to keep the rain out. It is made all in one piece, and it is a work of some difficulty to get it on. While struggling in a state of helplessness, half way through, I hear a voice say, "My eyes!" and a silly sort of giggle, while some one gives me a shove over on to my ottoman, for I cannot help myself. Bother the fellow! it's Hopper, I know, up to his funny little jokes. Hopper is a bore; I can't stand him. He riles

me considerably. I tell him not to act the fool, and he gets angry. That's his way. He can understand one of his own little jokes (he is about the only person that can, I think), but if any one does anything to offend him he gets sulky immediately.

However, I leave him in my room, not without some misgivings that when I come back, I shall find some of my ornaments broken, as he can never leave things alone, and go to Palley's room, where I find him struggling with his boot. Having finished this he is ready, and we start off to the game.

My tutor's field is a good way from College, and it seems to me that we are a little later getting there every day. By-the-bye, to-day was to be an early game, because the fellows want to go and see the school match. I know by experience what an early game means. An ordinary game begins at five and twenty to one, an early game at a quarter to.

It is a beastly walk to the field. It is all muddy, and we have a sort of river to cross, which for some reason or other goes by the name of "The Waters of Babylon." There is a bridge across this, but some cad of engineering talent has dammed up the

stream, and the bridge stands as a sort of island in the middle, being thereby rendered useless. We have, therefore, to wade through this. "Come on," I say, "it's getting late." It is quite impossible to run through all this mud, however, so we have to walk as fast as we can. When we get in sight of the field, we hear the Captain's voice yelling at us to "Come on." Yes, it's all very well, but the question is how to get on? At last we arrive at the field just as the game is beginning. It is a singular fact that they always seem to wait for Palley and me. It doesn't matter how late we are, but the game always begins just as we come up.

I am put side-post. Now, I don't object to playing side-post, if the fellow behind me and the fellow opposite me will only form down properly, but if they don't, you get shoved out of the bully and then you can't do anything. Such seems to be going to be my fate to-day. I know what it is to be opposite to Jamber. He is too careful of his shins, and his great object seems to be to get out of the bully as soon as he can. We form down and the ball is put in. I knew how it would be. Jamber begins to back out immediately, and I feel myself being

gradually shoved out. I see the ball in the middle of the bully, and putting down my head, made a frantic struggle to get at it. I say, this is beginning to get uncomfortable. I feel my neck is getting dislocated, and this fellow who is against me, I can't see who it is, but from the loudness of his continuations I should say it was Merlin, is most fearfully angular. This may be very effective in the bully, but I don't quite see the point of it, though I feel the point of his calf (fancy having a sharp calf), or at least, I think it's his calf running into the back of my neck, which by this time has got uncommonly near the ground. However, now I am in for it, I may as well stick to it, so I shove on till Merlin gives way, and we find ourselves lying in a heap on the ground while the ball is somewhere at the other side of the field.

“Get up, do!” says Merlin. Yes, it's all very well, but I doubt if he could get up with half a dozen fellows upon him. However, we get up at last, and after ascertaining the position of the ball start off in pursuit of it. The first thing to be done is to disentangle oneself from the crowd of walkers, who don't care to play up themselves and get in

everybody else's way. I wish they wouldn't play, or, at any rate, would keep out of the way. It wouldn't be a bad plan if, when the bully was over, and the ball was loose, they went and sat down out of the way till wanted again to shove. There seem to be more playing to-day than usual. Probably every one has counted on everybody else not playing as it is such a beastly day, as I and Palley have, and the result is that it is a bigger game than usual.

I at last get clear of the walkers, and proceed to get under way. This is a matter of some difficulty owing to the slipperiness of the ground. It seems quite impossible to run. It is like the Irish boy going to school, every step forward you go two steps backward. I've known the field slippery before, but never so slippery as this. The only thing it can be compared to is running away from something dreadful, like a mad bull in a nightmare. Besides, some one appears to have been amusing themselves by depositing heaps of clay all over the field, which catch one's feet and make one trip up.

At last I begin to make some sort of progress,

and am just beginning to get near the ball when it is kicked to Bythe, who is playing behind, who promptly kicks it out. I knew he would ; he always does ; it doesn't matter how far it is into the middle of the field, he always manages to kick it out.

Of course we have to form down another bully. The other side is "unders" this time, so I can't see the ball. . . . It strikes me this bully is lasting an extraordinarily long time. The fellows outside the bully are getting impatient. "Turn it out, can't you," says the Captain. Obedient to his command, we begin to shove most vigorously. Then it occurs to some one to ask if the ball has been put in. On examination it proves that it has not, but has been lying peacefully in the plough at the side of our field. This is pointed out to us by a small boy in charge of a big gun, which he seems very much afraid of, although it is only loaded with a few loose grains of powder and a newspaper. Palley once asked this boy what he was put there for, and he said to keep the birds off. He might do so if he let off his gun, but he seems to spend all his time in screwing up his courage to do so,

which, however, always fails him at the last moment.

However, to return to the game. The ball is put in, and then after an interval kicked out again, and another bully is formed, and so on for half an hour or so. We have the wind and so have rather the best of it, but no one can expect to do much with the ground in this state. The Captain keeps on shouting to us to charge. All very well, but if he ran about himself a little more, instead of walking about, shouting at us and wasting his breath, perhaps it would be better. At last he gets the ball to himself and begins a magnificent run-down. Now we'll see what he can do. Ah! I thought so. He has tripped up on one of the clay heaps, and over he goes flat on his face. Now, perhaps, he'll see how hard it is to run to-day. At any rate, after all that talking, we expected to see something better than that.

The ball goes to the behind, who volleys it back over the bully, and it is returned to him by the behind on the opposite side, and so on two or three times. Come! we didn't come out here to see the behinds play kickabout. This may be a very

magnificent display of behind-play, but I came out to play, not to see this. At last the ball comes into the middle of the bully, and after some struggling and hustling, is taken out again. Now it is change. By this movement we get the wind against us. The Captain seems suddenly seized with an idea that I am some good behind, and tells me to go and try what I can do there. Well, I don't mind. I have never played behind before. Who knows whether I may not do something, and distinguish myself, and eventually get my colours. I see a road to glory opening before me. I go behind, determined to do or die.

It begins to drizzle. This somewhat damps my ardour. I think, on the whole, that I would almost sooner be running about. Besides the ball hasn't come near me once. I feel I am getting discontented, and shall not do anything if I get a chance. Hallo! here comes the ball. Bounce, bounce, and I take a kick at it, but it twists as it rises, and my foot goes up into the air without touching it, while I nearly slip up with the other on to my back. Bother! I've nearly put my knee out of joint, and the ball is past me. Here come the fellows, sliding

rather than running after it. I become conscious of nothing but a mêlée of legs shinning at the ball and each other, and the other side get a rouge. So much for my road to glory!

The rouge is formed down, and I am put side-post again. The Captain has evidently given me up as a promising behind, and I have to come up into the bully again. I am not very sorry, as I shall get warm, at any rate. Besides, if I play up very vigorously, I may retrieve the few laurels I had to lose. In the beginning of the rouge my ardour again receives a sudden check, owing to the fellow who is the first to run in on the opposite side, running his claw right into my eye. Not to be daunted by these mishaps, for I feel the Captain is mentally abusing me still for letting that rouge, though he has left off doing it audibly, I put down my head and go right in for it. Bang! Bang! Thump! Shin! these are all I am conscious of for the next few seconds, and I at last come out with the ball, to the light of day on the other side of the bully. Now for a good run-down. This, however, is frustrated by a fellow rushing at me and disabling me for the moment by bagging my wind

and letting me have it on the shins as he kicks blindly at the ball.

However, no matter. I have saved the goal and regained my character. I am unable to run about even as much as before, owing to this shin, so for the rest of the game I have to hobble about and take my chance of the ball coming to me.

The fellows want to go and see the school-match, so we leave off rather earlier than usual. The man only just arrives with the beer as we leave off. I think I will have some to-day, to see what it is like. I don't often taste it as it seems usually to have some foreign substance in it. Bah ! to-day I should say that it tastes strongly of the Waters of Babylon. Probably the man has been treating himself, and perhaps two or three friends on the way to the field, and has supplied the deficiency from Babylon. At any rate, the only thing I can liken the taste to is the smell of Chalvey mud.

Having gulped down this much, we start home. I am not going to see the match in this drizzle. Nor is Palley. So we don't run like most of the other fellows. Packer joins us on our walk back. Packer is a fellow who goes in largely for reading.

I don't mean sapping, but sentimental reading, such as Tennyson and other poets. Not that I think this a bad thing at all, on the contrary, I wish I was more fond of it myself; but I think Packer overdoes it, and he certainly needn't come out with a quotation, half to himself, as if he thought that you weren't worth repeating it to, whenever any one says anything. He also collects wild flowers and wears his hair long because, I believe, he thinks it's like poets and painters. Then he can talk on politics or poetry or anything of that sort, and I'll admit he is very well-informed, and I only wish I only knew half as much; but I think he might take more interest in what boys do, instead of looking down upon school topics and all games as mere frivolities far below his notice. In fact I think Packer may be put down both as a loafer and a prig.

He begins the conversation by talking about the study of French at Eton. He says he doesn't think it's half enough cultivated. Bother him! Palley and I have enough to talk about without him and his French. Palley says, "Oh, don't you think we learn enough French at Eton? Why I

can talk it all right." "Oh, can you?" says Packer, who is only too glad to show off his French; "let's try a bit." Then he begins, "Je pense qu'il fera beau temps demain." "Oh, oui," replies Palley, "je pense si deux," which is his rendering of, "I think so too." Palley can speak better French than this, but I see what his object is, and it succeeds. Packer falls back with a face of disgust at our ignorance, and does not descend to walk with us any more.

We arrive at my tutor's in the usual state of mind arising from walking home through the plough. While scraping our boots at the door, Hamble major comes up with his rifle. He has been practising at the butts while we have been playing. Hamble is very enthusiastic about the Volunteers. He expects to get into the Wimbledon Eleven next year, but as I don't think that he is capable of hitting anything smaller than a haystack further than ten yards, his chances seem to me to be small. I don't think he hit the target to-day above three times all after twelve, because we can hear the shots hit from our field when they do hit, and I'm sure that wasn't a frequent oc-

currence. Hamble calls this "shooting his class." If Hamble is in the habit of shooting his class, I would rather not join the Volunteers, as he is always wanting me to do, as it must be rather dangerous to be in Hamble's class. Besides, that band is enough to frighten any one away, let alone an enemy. It usually begins at a march out with a tremendous flourish of bugles which to any stranger would give the impression that a royal donkey squadron was approaching, then it relapses into a roll of drums, through which at intervals, it is just possible to trace the sound of three or four imperfectly trained fifes playing the tune for the day ; for they seem to learn a tune especially for one march out, and forget it by the next, and have to learn another. At any rate, I know the other day they went out playing "God bless the Prince of Wales," and came back playing it still, from which I concluded that they had been playing it all day. I don't think I shall join the Volunteers.

We go upstairs to change. I remonstrate with Palley on the way up, on the impropriety of undressing himself on the way upstairs. He says he doesn't see the harm. When I get to my room,

I find it in the usual state that it is in after Hopper has been there. In the first place, he has shoved my writing-table on one side to get at the window, and upset my ink. Then he has upset my jug, with which he has been acting the scug by shying water out of window, on to the floor. There are also signs of a scuffle in which the coalscuttle appears to have been brought into use, for there are coals strewn all about the floor. Pleasant to walk about on with bare feet!

Jenson comes into my room. "That fool Hopper," he says, "began shying things in at my window from yours, so I had to come in and suppress him." I am not sorry he has suppressed Hopper (he is the only fellow who can), but I wish he'd done it somewhere else. I wish Hopper wouldn't come disarranging all my room. He gets angry enough if any one makes his room in a mess.

The first thing to be done is to send for some water. I shout for Bareson, the lower boy in the room next to me. He pretends he doesn't hear. I know he can perfectly well. I can hear every word he and his minor say when they are quarrel-

ling, as they usually are, so I am sure he can hear me. I shout again. I hear a dispute going on between them as to which is to come, which I settle by shouting "Bareson minor!" He comes out as if he'd only just heard, and wants to know what I want. I say "I want some water." I don't know why he should look at me in such an amazed manner, as if it was a perfectly novel fact to him that any one should use water. He looks just like a puppy I have got at home; there is just the same wondering expression on his face. Besides, he is very like a puppy to look at. "Water?" he says. "Yes," I say, "not too hot, now." He takes up the jug as if it was a strange beast, and goes off to the sink.

I, meanwhile, take off my boots. Doing this, my hands get in an awful mess. Then a fly, the last of his race probably, settles on my nose. In brushing it off, I smudge my face all down. However, it doesn't matter much just before washing. It's lucky I didn't do it in the field.

Bareson now returns with the water. When he has put it down, I proceed to take off my shirt. Hallo! what's up now? Why, I'll be bothered if

Palley hasn't sewn my shirt on to my continuations, and I have got my clothes on all in one piece. The only thing to be done is to make a vigorous effort, by which the rent in my pants reappears worse than before, and I am free.

Bother that fellow Bareson! I can only just bear this water. I wish he would do as he's told.

Hallo! there's the bell, it's getting late. I shan't be in time for dinner again. As usual, when in a hurry, my white tie won't come straight. There! it will have to do like that. It is in some sort of bow; I haven't time to do any better. I can't put on my boots: they'll have to wait till after dinner.

I throw open the door, and begin to rush down, putting on my coat and waistcoat as I go. Crash! *Confound* that charwoman! if she hasn't been and carefully pulled up the bit of wood I had put down behind my door, and the door has swung back into one of my pictures. However, I can't wait now. I rush down stairs, nearly falling down in my hurry. I should think I have got downstairs in about four steps. Not bad for two flights. Here we are. Not late after all!

IX.—DINNER.

MY tutor has not arrived yet. He is often late. He also has a habit of suddenly getting up and apologizing to us, and rushing out of the room, as if he had suddenly thought of an idea, and wanted to write it down before he forgot it. Perhaps he does.

We wait a few minutes, and then he sends in a request by the butler (who, by-the-bye, has come out in a pair of unmentionables which I recognize as belonging to Jenson last half), that we will begin without him. We stand up for grace. The Captain waits for my dame to say it, and she evidently expects him to. Result: after a short interval, we sit down again without grace. Let's see. To-day ought to be veal day. We have, or at any rate seem to have, a regular routine of dinners, so that we can always know what day of the

week it is by remembering what we have had for dinner. Yes, to-day is veal day, and collapsed beefsteak-pudding at the other end. On Sunday we always have chickens, of the true Eton breed, that is, of the six-legged species, and noted for the amount of exercise which they take during their lifetime to get up their muscle.

The covers are taken off. "Sold again," says Palley; to whom I had just communicated my theory of the regular routine of dinners; "I knew we should have rabbits for dinner, because the cat kittened yesterday." Really, I am shocked at Palley's crying down our food in this way. But it is rabbit for dinner. Well it proves my theory; there ought to have been veal to-day, one can easily see, for the cook has made the stuffing (of which she always gives us plenty with the veal, as it has such a filling effect) in readiness for the veal, and rather than that it should be wasted, has put it over the rabbit.

"Will I take some rabbit?" "Yes, thank you, I will take some rabbit." This to the butler, who is always most politely spoken, especially towards the end of the half. I said, I'd have some rabbit;

but I don't call these ribs and a head a fair share. However, it's made up with veal-stuffing ; but then I didn't say veal-stuffing, I said rabbit. Well, I must make the best of it, and wait for a second help.

I ask Palley for the potatoes. He asks the fellow next to him. It is quite amusing to hear the different tones of the voices, all down the table : "Potatoes, please. POTATOES, please. Please pass the potatoes. 'Taters please. Potatoes, please, Bareson." Then some one goes to sleep, or at least appears not to hear : "POTATOES, PLEASE, BARESON ;" and so on till they at last come up to me. It would make rather a good anthem. It is a matter of great nicety to select one to-day, as the cook appears to have been in a hurry in cooking the dinner, and they are in a semi-raw state. At last I get one a little less stony-hearted than the others, and set to work on my stuffing.

I wish my bugbear, Hopper, wouldn't look at me as if I was some wild beast feeding. I don't look at him ; but I feel he is taking stock of every morsel I put into my mouth. I wish he wouldn't. I'm sure he doesn't eat so nicely himself, that he

can judge of another fellow's way of eating. He does it to aggravate me. He certainly succeeds. Here's the beer coming round. Yes, I'll have some beer. But I didn't mean down my back, where Bill has slopped the greater part of the glassful. Bill has no business to be pouring out the beer ; it's the butler's place. He has evidently determined to have a lark, and so has forestalled the butler with the beer-jug. He has swamped three fellows besides me already. There ! I knew he'd no business with the beer-jug. The butler has wrested it from him.

Bill seems very active to-day. He is always where he isn't wanted. He also seems to be in a facetious mood, for he takes a huge pile of plates out of the warmer, and puts them where the butler is coming round with the beer. The butler avoids them. Bill, having no memory, falls into his own trap. He only breaks four plates ; but I daresay that is not much over his usual average per diem. I once asked Bill how many plates he broke on an average a day. He said he'd never broken any on an average. I don't know whether he thought I meant on an anvil, but I have my suspicions he did.

Conversation is difficult. I try to get up one with Jenson ; but he is doing a mental sum, and won't be interrupted. Jenson always does his work at odd times, very odd times. He does his work, that is, what I or some one else don't do for him, at all sorts of curious times. He composes his verses chiefly at football. He does a good deal of his work in school. When he ought to be doing his work, and when everybody else is doing their's he reads novels.

I don't want to talk to Hopper, and it isn't civil besides being difficult to talk round behind his back to Hamble. If I do say anything to him, Hopper will put his oar in, and make some silly remark, which may or may not have some reference to the matter in hand, usually the latter. Besides, Hamble cannot talk of anything but the Volunteers.

Of course I have to talk to Palley. Palley has just finished his letter that he has been reading. He finishes by exclaiming, " Hurroo for the old gal!" and shows me a P.O.O. Really Palley is the most disrespectful fellow I know. He explains that by "the old gal" he means his grandmother.

He asks me to come up town with him after two to change it. No, I can't come up after two, as I haven't got my boots on, but I don't mind coming after four. All right.

Then we both try hard to keep up a conversation. It is very hard. I say, by way of an original remark, "What a nice day it is to-day!" It isn't, but then that's all the better, it may lead to an argument. Palley says, "Oh, *awfully* nice," in a tone of irony, and the conversation drops. Then, making another effort, I say, "I hope to-morrow will be finer than to-day and yesterday have been." Palley says, "Yes, so do I," and dead silence follows. I wonder what Palley is thinking about; either about a new joke that he is presently going to lead the conversation up to, or about the Guillotine. Palley is mad on guillotines. His great ambition is to have a model one. When he goes up to London for leave I believe he spends all his time in the Chamber of Horrors, at Madame Tussaud's. He is rather of a morbid temperament altogether, is Palley. Conversation with him is hopeless. I look up and catch Frontival's eye. He sits next to Jenson on the opposite side. I

don't exactly know what to do. I feel that if I look stolid he may think me sulky; while if I smile ten to one afterwards I shall feel I have done the wrong thing. I look away from him smiling to myself, and fix my attention on a picture on the wall. It is a print of the Raising of Dorcas. There are three, or at least two St. Peters in the picture. Dorcas is lying on a very uncomfortable sort of hand-barrow. She has no particular legs, or at any rate has tucked them under her, for there are none visible under the bed-clothes. There are two gentlemen taking a walk outside the porch in which Dorcas has deceased, who appear to have pawned their clothes and wrapped themselves in the bed-curtains; and two houses, evidently drawn from the model of a child's toy village, with some one's washing hanging out of window, complete the picture.

Come, it's about time for a second help. A fellow can't exist on stuffing. I try to catch Bill's eye. Bill's eye won't be caught. Whenever I don't want him to, Bill is always grinning complacently at me, but to-day he won't look at me. I say "St—!" whenever he passes me. He won't

hear. At last the butler comes to my aid, and, as there is no more rabbit, brings me a helping of beef-steak pudding, chiefly paste. I seem to be going to have a fine dinner to-day: stuffing to begin with, three inches of dough to go on with. Very filling, no doubt, but hardly as good as I should like. No potatoes either, for geological as they are they have all been taken.

I believe that's the tenth bit of bread Jenson's had. If he has much more there'll be an explosion, and bits of Jenson flying about the room. Jenson has large eating powers, but I shouldn't have thought he was up to ten half-rolls.

Now Packer's trying to get up a conversation. He says across the table that he thinks they were very easy verses this week. I disagree with him and a short argument ensues, which is however soon terminated by Packer getting his second help.

A dead silence suddenly ensues, and a lower boy at the bottom of the table is heard recounting to his neighbour some story about a dog of his. Everybody turns to listen. The poor fellow suddenly, finding everybody looking at him, stops, and



in spite of his nearest neighbour's nudging him to go on, murmurs half to himself, "Oh, it's only something that—" and takes refuge in his dinner.

The pudding is brought in. Roley-poley again! Now we've had roley-poley every day for the last three weeks in various forms, sometimes baked, sometimes boiled, sometimes fried, sometimes hardly cooked at all; but always roley-poley. I think the cook must have bought it raw, wholesale, by the yard, and when she is pressed for time,—as she usually seems to be, the dinner very often being cooked as if she had forgotten all about it till the last moment, and then done it in a hurry,—she cuts off a foot and a half and serves it up in some way or other. She probably keeps it round a roller, like string in the grocers' shops, and reels it off as she wants it. I don't dislike roley-poley, but I like a change sometimes.

The Captain is in training for something, so thinks it necessary to have three helpings of beefsteak-pudding. I hope it may agree with him. Hamble, who rather toadies the Captain, thereupon thinks it necessary for him to have three helps too. The consequence is that they have not done their

meat, and it falls to Hopper and me to cut the puddings.

Hopper wants to race. All right; I don't mind. Hopper doesn't race fairly. He's got a knife to begin with, while I've only got a spoon to cut the pudding with. Besides, look at the enormous helps he gives. He allows at least three inches to each fellow. I only allow an inch and a half. More wouldn't be good for them. Besides, it wouldn't go round. How can one be expected to cut this with a spoon? One might as well try to cut a blanket. The only effect of cutting it with a spoon is that one fellow gets all dough, and the next all jam. I see a fellow towards the bottom of the table looking discontentedly at the portion I have assigned him. Very well, he must be content with what he can get. I can't help any better if they only give me a spoon.

Will I take some pudding myself? Yes, I will, for though I am rather tired of roley-poley, I don't consider that I've had anything worth calling dinner yet. I get the last inch and a half of my pudding. I have beaten Hopper by two helps, owing to my ally Bill taking away my plates faster than his.

It is quite a study to see the fellows eat. The nearer they are to the bottom of the table, the more they are afraid of being behindhand. Sheene, at about half-way down, keeps on, first spoon, then fork, hand over hand. He certainly won't be late. If Spiers puts such big mouthfuls into his mouth, he'll choke. There! I said he would. He begins gasping and struggling, and gets very red in the face, and doesn't seem any the better for the fellows next to him thumping him on the back. Waiting for me, are they? Very well, it's their own fault, they shouldn't make me help the pudding. Oh, they're not going to wait any longer, aren't they? All right, I'll stop and finish. I must have some dinner, hang it.

Bother Palley! He doesn't learn Dynamics or Hydrostatics, or whatever it is teaches about Equilibrium, but he might have known that if he gets up suddenly from one end of a short form, when I am sitting at the other, the chances are that I go down. The effect is that I am made a laughing-stock to everybody, especially Hopper, who always seems to enjoy my misfortunes.

Jenson, as usual, is left last with me. When we

have done we follow the rest out, Jenson producing an effect like a battery by carefully knocking down each form as he passes it. Jenson enjoys making a row always. He wants me to carry him along the passage on my back. Jenson weighs ten stone when in training, and with all that bread and pudding, I should think somewhere near fourteen. I'd rather not.

X.—AFTER TWO.

COMING out of dinner, I find my verses lying corrected on the table in pupil-room. Hang it! how my tutor has mauled them! He is evidently in a bad temper, and has vented himself on my verses.

We go upstairs. I wish Jenson wouldn't keep shoving and pinching me on the way upstairs. If he wants to get past, why doesn't he? There is lots of room for him and me.

I may as well write over my verses and have done with them after two. Then I shall have more time to myself in the evening. I get out my pen and paper, and set to work.

Hallo! there's kick-about going on in the passage. Bother it! one gets tired of kick-about when it goes on without intermission after eight,

after ten, after two, and after four, against one's door. How can one be expected to do anything while it is going on?

What a beastly mess my tutor has made of my verses. He has apparently corrected them with an Audascript pen, or a broom-stick. And I think he might, even if it is necessary to use such a lot of ink over them, at least use his blotting-paper, and not shut them up all wet. Now look here! I do call this a shame. He has actually cut out my highly poetic expression, "Quid diem festum, juvenes, habemus," which being literally interpreted, means, "What a day we are having!" and what could one wish to have more poetical and classical than that? Why, I'm not sure, though I wouldn't swear, that it's not out of Shakspeare. I don't see the use of putting in high-flown ideas if he scratches them out.

And what's this he's put? I put something about red roses and white lilies, and he has scratched it out. Well, aren't roses red and lilies white? What better epithets could he want? Besides, nobody told him to put his own comments at the side, "The rose is red, the violet's blue," &c. I

wonder if he knows the rest of the verse. If he does, more shame for him.

Then he seems to object to my beginning a verse. "Nunc, oh nunc." I wonder why he objects to our using Nunc so. He once tried to get me to promise not to use Nunc for a whole half, but I didn't see it. I couldn't get on without Nunc. Whenever in want of a one syllable word put Nunc. That's my rule. Why, the English poets use "now," quite as often as I use "nunc," I am sure. Sometimes by way of variation, I use Tunc or Jam. They are all useful words.

Well, then, here too. He doesn't seem to like a cutting off in the division of the verse, what he calls the caesura. Why, I am sure I have seen Horace himself do this. But then it's no use arguing this with my tutor. Horace did a great many things we mayn't do. So did Virgil. There are several sets of rules for doing verses. First, the grammar rules, that we have to do our verses by, as if Horace or Virgil sat down with a grammar and gradus and dictionary to do verses. Then there are the rather-more-liberty-taking rules, which the tutors are allowed to use. Then come

the still freer rules which are open to the tutors when they can't do a verse any other way ; and lastly, there are the Latin poets' rules, or rather want of rules, which permit as many false quantities and false concords as the authors like. We're not allowed to use these rules, but I suppose the Latin authors took out a poetical licence. I don't mind paying for a licence if I may take such liberties with my verses as they did.

Well, I've finished writing over my verses. That's a good thing. They're done for this week, at least. Palley comes into my room and says, with a very solemn face, "I say, I think Jenson must be unwell, I went into his room and he's sapping away like anything. He won't talk. Just go in and see." This *is* a miracle. Jenson sapping! I go with Palley to see this marvellous sight. Jenson is sitting on the arm of his armchair (he broke his other chair long ago), surrounded by a heap of papers all jumbled up together on the table, writing away as if his life depended on it. When we come in he looks up and says, "D'you want anything?" "No," we say. "Then take it and go." Really

Jenson must have something the matter with him to-day.

Hallo! what's that? College clock striking. It can't be three. Why, it only struck the quarter five minutes ago. And what's it up to? It hasn't struck any quarters at all, but the big bell strikes seven. Oh, it's gone mad, as it very often does. I remember once when we were in early school it struck a hundred and thirty-two without stopping. I never knew such a clock. I believe the slight imperfections that I have mentioned as belonging to my otherwise infallible watch have arisen entirely from my trying to keep my watch to College time when I was new and green.

However, I'd better go and put on my boots. I proceed to my room. As I pass Gownard's door a poker is launched forth, passes about an inch off my nose, inflicts a dent in the opposite wall and finally lands on my toes. Bother Gownard! What's he want to do that for? He doesn't seem to consider that he might have killed me. "Oh," he says, "I'm very sorry, I thought it was Palley." Well, what if it was Palley? That doesn't justify his throwing pokers. He is too fond of shying

small articles of the poker and coal-scuttle genus about. I think he is a little off his head. He'll kill some one, one of these days, with his precious practical jokes, and then he'll be sorry. He very often runs at one with a broom or pulls away one's chair. He never seems happy unless he is up to some madness or other. Besides, if he thought it was Palley, as he says, that only makes matters worse. Palley's nose is longer than mine, and he would have hit it. Besides, too, he's damaged the wall. Not that he can make that much worse, as it's very much like a bit of plate armour that's been proved by firing at it, for it's all full of dents where he has hurled pokers out of his door at different fellows.

I go to my room and put on my boots. Hallo! I say I shall want a new pair of boots soon. These are dreadfully gone. I am proud of these boots. I've had them for two years, that is, they have been resoled three times, new upper leathers twice, new heels twice; but there's no doubt about it, they're a capital pair of boots. I'm afraid they won't repair again. They must go into my corner with my other old boots "for the poor," that is, if the poor

will have them, but I rather have my doubts on that subject.

There! they're on. Now my umbrella. There's the hour striking. Off we go, I and Palley. I'm going to be in time for absence at any rate.

XI.—AFTER FOUR.

Is it a call? No, it isn't. Query: why is it called a call when there is no calling? Palley says it is on the same theory as that the reason that absence is so called is because we are all there, and "staying out," because we stay indoors, and "going in" because we go out again. I suppose it is so.

We go into the school-yard. Lots of time yet. I may as well get as far forward as I can or perhaps I shan't be seen, and get put down. I slowly work my way through the crowd. Bother that fellow! What's he step on my toes for? He's injured my best Sunday corn, hang him! And then he turns round and mutters something at me, (I hope it is nothing bad,) and looks fierce, as if I'd done the injury. I can't help thinking I must have done something to him, and I can't help saying, "Beg pardon," though why I should beg his pardon

because he trod on my toes, I can't quite see. I have at last got to the front row, and stand waiting for my name to be called. I do wish Peters wouldn't look at me so hard in that way. There is something in his eye that fixes me, and at the same time makes me feel hot, when he looks at me. I have heard of the evil eye. I wonder if Peters has an evil eye. I think he must have. He does make me feel so uncomfortable. I don't know where to look, or how to pretend I don't know he's looking at me. I don't know what to do with my hands. I feel a fool if I put them in my pockets and equally a fool if I don't. Then he takes stock of me from the top of my hat, which I long to take off to see if it really does want brushing, all down the front of my waistcoat, down my legs to my boots. There he stops and gazes at them in a most supercilious manner. Now I know my boots are not so fashionable as Peters', because I can't wear fashionable boots; they hurt my corns. But my boots are respectable at any rate—No, on looking down, they are a little out of repair. I didn't know they were so bad. They must have gone more since I put them on. But I've got a

better pair at my tutor's. I can't tell Peters so, though. I think if Peters is such a swell, as he seems to think, he might dispense with tormenting me by looking at me that way. If he goes on much longer, I shall go and demand half-a-crown. I wasn't made to be stared at like that for nothing. Or does he think I'm for sale, and is he valuing me in lots? I can't stand it any longer. I retreat behind the fellow beside me.

Hallo! my tutor's poodle, I declare! Why how did he get here? And he actually has the impudence to sit down in front of the Head, and stares at him in an inquiring fashion. He also barks occasionally as if he resented the Head's calling absence. He is very rude. Really, what is the school coming to, if my tutor's poodle dares to look at the Head in that way? I think, if my tutor can't teach his dog better manners than that, he had better not keep a dog at all.

Well, at last I'm called. Then I have to wait for Palley. Palley has lost himself, at least we have missed each other in the crowd. Oh, there he is. I see him struggling through the crowd to get out. I struggle to get after him, and at last

emerge from the school-yard gate, having tumbled over half-a-dozen umbrellas, trod on several toes, and got generally rumbled and disarranged myself in the operation.

There is quite a small crowd round Williams'. Let's go and see what it's about. Oh! it's my notice about Palley's umbrella everybody's looking at. They seem amused at it. I don't see why they should; I put it very plainly and gently, and never hinted that any one had taken it on purpose. But Williams and Co. might have put it in the window right way up. It wouldn't have been so difficult to read without standing on one's head. Come on, Palley.

Hallo! here's my tutor's dog, Carlo, come and attached himself to us. I have a peculiar aversion to Carlo; the way he wags his bottle-brush of a tail and winks his green eye (the other is blue) at me in a familiar fashion riles me. He is too fond of me. I'm sure it is from no attention on my part. Go away, Carlo! Not a bit of it; he's not going. If I told him to come, really wanting him to, he wouldn't; but it's no use shamming I want him to come. He wouldn't go away for that; he's too

sharp. Obstinate brute ! I'm ashamed to go up to town with him. Well, if he must come, he must ; but if he's lost I won't take the consequences.

Where shall we go to now ? Ah ! I am going to pass Dick Merrick's for once in my life without going in. Palley congratulates himself. It is certainly a coincidence that I can never pass Dick Merrick's without going in ; there is always something of mine in there mending, or my watch wants cleaning or something, and however many resolutions I may have made not to go in, because it is developing into a bad habit, I feel irresistibly drawn there by my evil genius. A great many fellows object to go down town with me because they know I must go into Dick Merrick's. Well, I'm not going in to-day, at any rate.

What's the time ? I take out my watch. What ? Can the infallible have stopped ? Oh, horror ! don't say so. Alas ! after all my self-congratulations I must go into Dick's after all. Palley's face falls. We go in, and I give my watch to Dick's nephew, who, by way of stimulating it, thumps it on the counter. Come ! I say, easy there ! I'm

not going to have my watch humbugged like that. "Oh, it's all right!" he says. Well, I suppose he ought to know best. Next he takes it, opens it, puts a small telescope into his eye, and does something with a pin to the interior arrangements. "Oh! it's the lever horizontal mainspring"—or something of that sort—"broken. You had better leave it here a little while, sir. We can let you have it to-morrow night." I know better. If Dick promises to let me have it to-morrow night, I shall look upon it as a miracle if I see it this day four weeks, it having lain all the intervening time in Dick's safe. No, thanks; I'll wait till I can spare it better. Meanwhile, I'll get Grove, at my tutor's, to do something to it. He'll operate on it somehow; he'll butter it, or wash it out in the basin, or something. He's wonderfully clever at clocks and watches, is Grove.

I am proceeding to inquire after old Dick's gout,—for Dick and I are old friends—when Palley clutches me by the arm and says impatiently, "Come on." I obey, and wishing Dick good afternoon, follow Palley out of the shop.

Well, out of evil has come good. Carlo has

missed us while in Dick's shop, and we shan't be troubled with him. I point this out to Palley, who, however, can't get over his anger at my not having missed going into Dick's on my way up town, and growls something about "he'll pay me out." I can't see how he will. He has no peculiar shop that he frequents, that I can think of.

Palley wants something for tea. We go in to Atkins'. Palley, not being able to make up his mind for himself, incautiously asks the man what he has for tea. There ! I knew how it would be ; out comes a list as long as from Barnes' Pool to Windsor Bridge : "Tongue, sir ; ham, sir ; bacon, sir ; eggs, jams, sir—strawberry, raspberry, currant, plum, marmalade, sir ; potted meats of all sorts, sir ; ham, veal, chicken, Cambridge sausages ; kippered herrings, just new in, sir ; potted grouse, sir." How on earth he can keep this all in his head I'm sure I can't understand. He always says the same. Palley eventually decides on potted grouse. I wouldn't ; I had some the other day, and it was made of veal and beef, with one or two shot put in to keep up appearances. When he has done his purchases, we proceed on our way.

Who is this going down town in front of us? From the back I should say it is my cousin, Shovelby. I up with the point of my umbrella, and give him a playful dig in the back to attract his attention. It turns round. It isn't Shovelby! And who should it be but Peters? Oh, horrors! I wonder what he'll do. He only looks more scowlingly at me than ever, as I beg his pardon profoundly, and we pass on. All hope of being on good terms with Peters, if there ever was any, I feel to be quite at an end.

I feel painfully conscious that there is something the matter with my right boot. Why, bless me! if the sole isn't coming off. Well, by good luck, we are close by my bootmaker's; the only thing to be done is to go in and get a new pair. We go in, and after having had my toes pinched in various sorts of boots, a pair is at last found to suit. I inquire the price. I don't know why, but I always feel so despicable in the shopman's eyes at Eton when I ask the price of anything. They always seem to despise you so for asking, or offended as if they had intended to give you the article gratis, but as a punishment for your asking, they were

going to make you pay up pretty smart. Having ascertained the price, I put them on. I don't think my old pair need go to my tutor's. I'll make the bootmaker a present of them. We go out of the shop and go on to the post-office. On the way I become painfully conscious that my boots are going to creak. If there is anything I can't abide, it is a pair of creaky boots. I feel when I have them on that I am a nuisance to myself and everybody else. I feel I am an outcast from society, and generally miserable, owing to my boots. Well, I suppose I must endure it, and I'll see what the omniscient Grove can do about it when I get back to my tutor's.

We get to the post-office and go in. Oh bother! there's old Mr. Potter at the counter. I really ought to have gone to see him. Mr. Potter is an old friend of my father's and has asked me to dinner two or three times, and been very jolly to me generally. He lives up town. I like him very much, but I feel rather shy of going to see him. I feel that if there are any other visitors, they will look upon me as in the way, and toadying up to Mr. Potter. So I start off up town, determined to

call upon him, but when I get to his door, my heart fails me, and I put it off till next after four. What shall I say when he turns round? Or can I escape? No, that wouldn't be right, I feel. He turns round and sees me. I go up to him and say, "How d'ye do, Mr. Potter; I'm afraid I've not been to see you for a long time." "Bless me," says he; "oh yes, it's you; how d'ye do, my boy? How's your father? and your Aunt Anna Maria? and your brother?" There is evidently some mistake here. Mr. Potter has taken me for some other fellow. He has a large circle of Eton acquaintance. I haven't got an Aunt Anna Maria, or a brother. He has a short memory. This being the case, I might as well have left the apology alone. What can I say? I say, "Oh they're all quite well at home, thank you, at Linkton." "Linkton, bless me! oh yes, now really, I know you, I was taking you for some one else. Oh yes, Enby, how d'ye do? Come to breakfast some day this week, will you, my boy? So glad to have seen you." Then a sudden thought seems to strike him, and he fumbles in his pocket, pulls out a knitted purse, and tries to find the opening.

stand by, knowing perfectly well what he is up to, but trying hard to look as if I didn't, looking up at the ceiling, and the things in the shelves round the shop. I wish his purse wasn't so hard to open. At last it comes in the shape of half-a-sovereign, and "There, my boy, put that in your pocket, you'll be glad of it now towards the end of the half, I know." I thank him profusely, in spite of his telling me to say no more about it, and he, having made me promise to come to breakfast next day, goes out. Jolly old gentleman! May he live long!

Palley meanwhile has got his order, but not without getting into a difficulty with the post-office woman, by signing his name in the wrong place. Palley is so awkward. He has put it somewhere, which I believe makes out that he wishes the order cancelled. If the woman wasn't good-natured, I believe she could stop it altogether.

Now where to go to? Ah, I want to go to the station, to see about a train for going for leave on Saturday. We walk on, my boots squeaking worse and worse every minute. I at last find that by walking over my boots a bit, as Palley calls it, as

if I was in the habit of walking under my boots, I can stop the creak a little.

Palley will persist in going into shops and asking the price of a lot of things and then not buying anything. He has been into at least four since we left the post-office. I wish he wouldn't. It makes me quite ashamed of him.

Oh! there's Nason's, the fishmonger's. He's got some fresh herrings. I am fond of fresh herrings. I'll get some for tea. We cross over the street and I bargain for six to be sent up to me by lock-up. Confound the man! Why do all the tradesmen in Eton persist in spelling my name Enbie. They make a point of doing it, as if they had all conspired to aggravate me.

We go on our way. Eton appears to me to be a great place for perambulators. It seems as if all the masters' nursery-maids have had a meet somewhere up town and were finishing the day's proceedings by a triumphal procession down the pavement, which is not too broad in any part of the town, for we meet a series of seven coming over the bridge, of each of which the driver is talking to the one behind her, and the last having

no one to talk back at, is scolding indignantly a little girl who has no connexion with the rest of the procession, but is careering along, butting at her perambulator with her head, and has pressed too close on the heels of her ladyship the nursery-maid. The little girl has evidently been out marketing, for the contents of the perambulator are a small baby, a large stone bottle, a bundle of firewood, and a few greens ; the baby as being the least important part of the cargo, being shoved away under the seat, from whence protrudes a small leg and a small hand, gasping for breath. I won't answer for it that the baby is all there. Perhaps the girl has dropped it and is taking home the pieces.

No, but I wish there was a law against perambulators going down the middle of the pavement without looking where they are going to. They are a nuisance when they rasp your shins, or come up behind you and catch you up between the legs. I think the authorities might look to it, or at any rate make the pavement wider, so that we should not have to step aside into the sea of mud that is always placed carefully all along the side of the road.

Well, here we are at the station. I go and find out what I want, while Palley amuses himself at the bookstall by inquiring the prices of all the books, as if he was going to stock a library, whereas I know he'll end by not buying any. To console the boy, who evidently has expected Palley to buy something, I purchase a "Sporting and Dramatic," but then the difficulty is what to do with it. If I put it in my pocket it will bulge out, and I don't want to have to carry it under my arm all the time I am out. Palley suggests in my hat. It's not a bad plan, so I fold it up and put it in my hat. It feels rather uncomfortable at first, rather heavy in short, and as if my hat was going to fall off, but I soon get used to it and have almost forgotten about it by the time I get out of the station.

There is time to go for a short walk before we go back. Only I wish Palley would not stop at every shop-window we pass, it does lose such a lot of time. I drag him almost by main force up Windsor Hill, and then a sudden thought strikes him that he wants to go down Sheet Street to an old china-shop he knows of. Palley is mad on old china. I remind him gravely that if nailed we

shall get in a row, but he says it doesn't matter, so I yield, and we go down the street without any Philistines in the shape of masters seeing us. We meet a company of cads. It is a remarkable fact that the further cads get from your reach the braver they become. Now this party begins when about two yards behind us, in a natural tone of voice, "I say, look at them Colley-hoppers." By the way "Colley-hoppers," for some reason or another, is supposed by the cads to be a most deadly insult to us. What it means I have never been able to ascertain. Well, as we get further and further away they chant their song, "Colley-hopper, Colley-hopper," louder and louder, till it at last gets into a shout, when we are a hundred yards away. The best plan is to take no notice. It hurts their feelings a great deal more than a thrashing would.

After going up and down Sheet Street three times Palley comes to the conclusion that the shop is shut up, or else that it isn't in Sheet Street at all; and so, as it's getting latish, we begin to think about turning back.

Of course, because I'm there, my tutor must be



coming down Sheet Street, and meets us. However, we tell him what we've been up to, and he doesn't seem to mind much, and only tells us we oughtn't to be there, and if we don't look sharp we shall be late for lock-up. I wonder how long it takes my tutor to get down town. Does he allow half an hour? because there is that to spare now. However, we walk home pretty fast, as I suddenly remember my fag is staying out, and will probably be up to all sorts of games with my tea if I am not there to superintend the preparations.

Hallo! there's my dame. I must take off my hat. By Jove! though, what am I to do? I'd nearly forgotten the paper in my hat. The only thing to be done is to bolt into a shop, much to Palley's and the shopman's surprise, inquire the price of a lady's scarf as a pretext, and wait in there till my dame has passed. Oh, bother! what made me come into a milliner's? She is coming in too. I'm done for. She looks surprised at seeing me in here. I feel it must be done. I begin with a bow, so as to tilt the paper into the top of my hat, and then take it off, put it hastily on again, say to the shopman that I am afraid the

article won't suit ; and, no, I am not in want of a bonnet, nor do I wish to select from their new stock of parasols just in from London ; and leave the shop, followed by Palley, who proceeds triumphantly to lecture me on going into a shop and buying nothing. Ah, but it's different with me and Palley. He never met my dame when he had something in his hat.

Come on ; we must get on : I have a presentiment that my fag in his eagerness to please will do something to my tea. Bother that baker ! What did he want to bunt against me that way for ? as if the whole pavement belonged to him. Well, at any rate, I have the satisfaction of seeing him drop two of his loaves into the mud. He doesn't seem to mind though, and picks them up and goes on. Oh ! it's our baker, popularly supposed to be in love with our cook. I hope those are not our loaves. If so I must look out when I have my tea, lest I should get the muddy ones. Eton street-mud would not be a desirable addition to my repast.

Just as we get to the hair-cutter's Palley is suddenly seized with a desire to have his hair cut.

"There's twenty minutes yet," he says; "lots of time for it." Now this is absurd on the part of Palley. He has his hair cut at least once a week, and the result is that it never sits straight and won't ever keep in order, besides giving him the appearance of a convict. He does it to aggravate me, I am sure. I tell him so, and he says, "Yes; it's to pay you out for going into Dick Merrick's." Oh, bother it all! I forgot Palley never goes down town without having his hair cut, when I congratulated myself on his not being able to pay me out. Well, I suppose I must.

We go in. Luckily, there is no one being operated upon, so Palley has not to wait. I think, as we are in here, I may as well have mine cut too, though I hate it, as I know I shall be half an hour getting a parting to-morrow morning.

I go to the chair of execution. I know perfectly well what the man's going to say; so I anticipate him by saying, "I want a good lot off behind, but not too much in front, and be quick, please." "Thank you," says the man, and sets to work. It is odd how profuse these men are of their "Thank yous." They "Thank-you" you for everything.

I believe, if you told them they were fools, they would say "Thank you." I ask to see *Punch*. "Fun, sir?" he says. "No; *Punch*, please." "Thank you, sir." He brings it. I say, "Thank you." "Beg your pardon, sir?" "I only said, thank you." I think he must be deaf. "Thank you, sir," said he. I occupy myself with *Punch* while he goes on operating on me.

Come, this isn't fair; Palley's man has nearly finished him, and mine has only got half-way through me. This man isn't at all skilful; he hasn't been here long. I shouldn't say, from the risk he puts my ears to, and other unskilfulness in his operating, that he had been in the hair-cutting line long. There! that's the third time he's nearly put his scissors into my eye. What business have they round here at all? I gently remonstrate. "Thank you, sir." He evidently has caught this from the others, and thinks "I thank you" is the chief part of the hair-cutter's business.

Palley is shampooed; I won't be; that will bring me up even with him. We are both ready to be machinery-brushed at the same time. The man rings a bell, and, after a short interval, round

go the straps, and we are brushed. I like the sensation ; it makes one feel inclined to stand on one's head, or something of that sort. I wonder, however, who turns the machinery. It must be very monotonous work, to have to sit all day waiting for the sound of the bell, and turning. I shouldn't like to do it, and I wonder they can find anybody who does. I don't think it would be a bad punishment for a criminal. I will write to the *Times* about it some day.

After the brushing comes the greasing ; that is, Palley is greased ; I am not. I can't stand being greased. Then brushing with small brushes, involving a difficulty as usual, the man persisting in parting my hair the wrong side, and the operation is over. There ! I won't get a new hat again just before my hair's cut. This one wobbles awfully now, and feels as if it were coming over my eyes.

I say ! we must look sharp ; there is the bell for evening chapel. Only about five minutes before lock-up. There is some one unskilful ringing that bell ; it's not the usual man. This fellow rings it much too fast, and then stops about every twenty

tieth pull to make up for it. If he rings so hard, he'll bring the rope down; it wont be the first time either. Get out of the way, cad! Oh! it's the demon cad, as Palley calls him. I meet that cad every time I go up town. He has the most fiendish expression of countenance. He is always getting in the way. I tumble him over, and we go on.

There is kick-about going on among my tutor's fellows in the road, and we join for the few minutes that remain before lock-up. Jenson is out at it, although he is staying out. "Getting a little fresh air," he says, without a hat and with thin shoes on. It is worthy of remembrance that Jenson has a cold, or says he has.

If all these cads, who are running on errands, stare at us so, I shall go round with the hat when we leave off. Bother that fellow! that's the third time he has spoilt my kick. I know that fellow of old. He is Andrewes, at least Palley, who appears to make cad-life his study, says so. What I have remarked as peculiar in him is that he seems to admire the architecture of my tutor's house immensely, which is more than I do. I very often look out of my window and see him gazing from

the opposite side of the road, with his basket on his arm, taking in every rain-pipe and chimney-pot as if he were going to be called upon to reproduce it in a drawing. Coal will not move him or any other missile. I wonder why he does it. Well, at any rate, get out of the way now, Andrewes. Hallo! there goes the ball into Atkin's truck. Nothing smashed, I hope. It wasn't me this time, at any rate. No, nothing hurt. There's five, and the bell ringing. In we go to absence. My tutor tells us we are not going to have private this evening. That's all right. I'm glad he's told us beforehand instead of giving us the trouble of learning it, and then coming down to pupil-room and waiting half an hour while he puts his head in every five minutes to say he won't be long, and then eventually does not come after all. That aggravates me. Well, hooray for tutor! I don't feel in quite such a rise with him as I did. Perhaps it was partly my own fault that we have not got on well together lately, though it must be admitted that I have had most extraordinary ill-luck. Hallo! where are my herrings? They are not in the pantry. Can it be that they have not

sent them? If so I will go and give it them to-morrow. Or can it be that my fag has found them and carried them off upstairs to experiment on? Oh, preserve us! I don't believe he's ever seen a raw herring in his life. Oh! that I hadn't dawdled at kick-about. No time to be lost! In an agony of despair I rush upstairs to my room, whence, alas, proceeds an odour something like a herring cooking! Am I too late?

XII.—TEA.

TOO late, alas! My fag is crouching over the fire like one of the witches in "Macbeth," with a frying-pan, in which, to my horror, I see the whole six herrings, unopened, and with their tails hanging over into the fire, fizzling away like anything. And what does the pot of marmalade on the table mean? Oh, he can't have been so stupidly idiotic as to have used that to grease the frying-pan with, as it is labelled as an excellent substitute for butter. "What on earth——?" I say. "Oh, I was staying out, and I thought you would like your tea ready by the time you came in." So I should if I could get it done properly, but now he's ruined my herrings. "Botheration take you," I say; "what on earth do you want to go and do all those herrings at once for? I do wish you'd leave things alone." "Oh, I thought——" "Well, bother you, I wish

to goodness you wouldn't think, you're always thinking when you're not wanted to. Here, get out of the way, and let's see if the herrings are past saving." Yes, they are. Well, I suppose I must eat them as they are. Perhaps they won't be so bad, after all. Well, he has not gone as far as to do them with marmalade, that's one consolation !

I begin my tea while he makes the toast. I shall have to look sharp after him while he does this, as he'll spoil it if he possibly can. Who told him to try and cut the toast for himself? Oh, I do wish he'd learn to leave things alone. He can't cut toast. Why, it's all I can do to cut it out of new bread with a blunt knife, and I'm sure he can't. He has ruined the loaf, and I shan't be able to get more than one piece out of it. "Well, look sharp. Have you made the tea?" Yes, he has done that. I rather wish he hadn't even tried his hand at that, without my seeing him. Ten to one he has not used boiling water. Let's see. This teapot seems very anxious to please, and in a great hurry to pour out, as it begins to pour out directly I lift it off the table. There! bother it all! that's the third mess I've made this

week, all owing to this beastly teapot. My table-cloth isn't fit to be seen. Hallo! some one's been round for milk. Now if my fag had only been guarding my milk, instead of being so confoundedly officious about my herrings, I should have been obliged to him. Well, he must go round and get me some more, now he has done that toast.

All the chairs that I got this morning have been bagged back again. Some one has got the better of me in that transaction, and has left me one that is a little, or rather, I should say, very cranky in the near hind-leg. I must go and find my own after tea. My fag returns with the milk, and wants to know if he may go. Oh, yes, he may go ; and another night let him leave my herrings alone.

Now for my tea. What have I got to get through? Six oddly-cooked herrings, some marmalade, and a bit of toast. Herrings are all very well in their way ; but, although I am hungry, I can't manage six. What can I do with them ? I'll divide them. I think I can manage two myself ; then I owe Gownard something, as he gave me some ham the other night,—I'll give him two, and I'll give two to poor old Grove, who never has any-

thing for tea himself, as he keeps all his money to buy scientific apparatus, &c., and pretends a banquet on his bread order and some salt. He gets a good many pickings, however, from fellows whose clocks he mends, and he's game for anything, like an ostrich. Palley always declares that he once went into Grove's room, and found him in hot pursuit, round the table, after a cold chicken some one had given him to get rid of it. But then Palley sometimes exaggerates. I'll admit Grove is not over-fastidious, but I think this is a little too much.

I start round with my plate of herrings. First I go to Gownard. He looks at them rather with suspicion, and finally decides that he doesn't want them, as he has something else for tea. Will Jenson have them? I go to him. "Well, he doesn't mind, put them down there," he says. That's pretty cool of Jenson, I think. But Jenson has a slight deficiency of manners. Next I go down to Grove's room. I offer him his couple. Grove is intensely grateful. He has already just had the remains of a pot of strawberry-jam given him, but he doesn't mind, he isn't particular, so flops the

herrings into the middle of the jammy plate, wipes his knife on a bit of bread, and sets to work with the knife and a bit of bread, as he doesn't possess a fork of his own. Grove's manners are very primitive.

I return to my room, to begin my own tea. First I must get out my book. I like reading at tea. I think that is why I have never messed with anybody for long. They always complain I am so unsociable, and won't talk. I think that's why Palley and I separated. No, Palley used to read a book himself, and so between the two we got on pretty well together. I don't think that was the reason we cut. I forget why it was. I think it was some slight difference, in which we swore eternal enmity, which lasted exactly one week, and made us better friends ever after. But I know Jenson and I cut mess because I would read and Jenson complained I wouldn't talk. He had a way, too, of throwing a cup or saucer at my head to attract my attention, and as he wanted to make some trivial observation every two minutes, it came rather expensive in the crockery line, so we thought it best to part, though in all friendship.

This is a very frugal meal. Talk of the Spartan

life. I don't feel as if I could get through these two herrings, though. There is something the matter with them inside. I don't believe they're half cooked. No, bother it, they are almost raw. I declare, I'd a good mind to make that fag of mine come down and eat them himself, in my presence at the toasting-fork's point. Well, I must appease my hunger with marmalade and the mangled remains of the bread, which he has torn about so with the knife. I go on eating and reading. Some one comes in. "Any milk to spare?" Yes, I have a little. Presently another with the same question, then one for some tea, then some butter, then coals. Look here! this is getting exasperating. I'm not a cow, or a grocer, or a coal-merchant. I can spare a little, but one must draw the line somewhere. I've a good mind to write up a placard, and put it up on the door. "Enby: all stores run out. No tea, no coals, no milk, no butter to spare. Save yourself the trouble of coming in and asking." What makes it worse is that none of them seem capable of shutting a door. I know my door is difficult to shut, but one gets tired after a time of having to bellow as each fellow goes out, "Shut

the door! turn the handle, or it won't catch," and then, probably, having in the end to get up and shut it oneself. I can't stand sitting with a door that keeps bang, bang, every minute. Besides, as my window is right opposite the door, and it is impossible to sit anywhere out of the draught, it is not good for my health.

Well, here is the maid come to wash up. She always comes to me first, as she knows I am generally finished first. I hate sitting long over my meals; I think it's a waste of time. I should like to be like the man in the moon, and open a cupboard sort of place in my—well, we'll say body—and poke the victuals in. It would save a lot of trouble. I finish my cup of tea, and let her wash up. Here! she needn't take my knife. She says she wants to get it cleaned. I know what that is. It will only come back, if it comes back at all, more blunt than at present, if indeed that is possible, as I can clutch tight hold of the blade as it is. Besides, the chances are that she will forget whose it is, and give it to the next fellow who asks for it, and I shall never see it again. Oh, well, I suppose she may have it.

What's that striking? A quarter to six, by the powers. Let's see what have I got to do to-night. Not much. Write over prose, and then there's those beastly *pænas* to do. Oh, though! to-morrow's a whole holiday, and I shan't have to show either of them up till next day. Well, I may as well begin them to-night, and get them over. I'll begin as soon as I've finished this chapter. I read on.

Oh, this is getting so exciting, I must read another chapter, and then I declare I'll begin my work. I am getting wrapped up in this book, too much so. It won't do. I shall go on from chapter to chapter, and the end of it will be I shan't get any work done at all. Hallo! here's a stoppage. Twenty pages out in the most exciting part of the book. Probably the whole story turns on these twenty pages. Bother it! I don't believe there's hardly a book in my tutor's library that isn't like this. I know I have tried six or seven this half, and have had to leave off in the middle of all of them. I shouldn't mind so much if it was the beginning, as I could supply the descriptions, &c., that usually come there, but the middle or the end



being out is aggravating, to say the least of it. However, perhaps it's rather a good thing to-night. It's pulled me up in my reading. Otherwise I might perhaps have gone on and done no work. Well, as it is so—to work!

XIII.—AFTER SIX.

I GET out my paper, pen, and Virgil, and proceed to do my lines. I shall have time to do a good lot before the other fellows have done their tea. After that, it being a whole holiday to-morrow, and there being no particular work to do, they'll come in and talk.

There! I've done fifteen lines in five minutes. If I keep up this pace I shall have them done in no time. I won't say that I could read them if called upon, but then I don't think we're expected to do that. It's wretched bad practice for handwriting, this *pæna* writing. I think a good copy would do us much more good, and be more punishment.

Hallo! those Baresons next door are beginning to fight as usual. At least, I think they are, but can't be quite sure yet, as they always scream at each other whether they are fighting or not. Yes,

I think they are, because when their highest note is E, then it is their natural tone ; when they get to F, I begin to look out, and at G, I go in and stop them. I, being Captain of the passage, have to keep them in order, and precious hard work I find it, as they always seem to forget that I have been in after five minutes, and begin worse than ever. I never knew such fellows to fight. They fight worse than any other two brothers I ever knew, and I think brothers always fight worse than any other two fellows, so that is saying a good deal for them. I give them a shout, and they calm down for a time. Oh ! but I say, I can't stand that fellow Bareson major learning to whistle in there. If he wants to, he must go somewhere else. I don't mind whistling as a rule, but it's more than I can bear, his whistling. He repeats the same high note at least twenty times, and then at last hits the right one, and starts off with Auld Robin Gray to jig time, with variations of his own. The only thing I can liken it to is an old barrel-organ that we have at home, which, owing to deficiencies in the arrangements of the pegs on the barrel, misses every fourth note, and so makes it difficult to make

out the tune. It is so with Bareson. It is only with great difficulty that I can make out that he wants to whistle *Auld Robin Gray* at all.

I stop him again with a shout. Ah! there they are, going down to pupil-room. They'll spend their evening there, so I shan't be troubled with them, that's a blessing. I wish, though, Merlin wouldn't indulge in breakdowns over my head. I shouldn't be surprised to see him come through some of these days. Besides, it isn't easy to do lines while that is going on overhead. Again, if Cottin down below would not practise the fife, and finding he doesn't get on well, go on with the tune at the top of his voice, I might get on better. It is a pity that my tutor's is such a musical house—at least that all the fellows try to teach themselves. There is a very good staff of music-teachers at Eton. Why can't they go to them? And then, don't let them practise in the house, at least, if they can't sing better than Cottin, who is too fond of relieving his superfluous feelings by howling. I stamp on the floor. Bother the fellow! He takes it as a challenge, and defies me by bursting out louder than ever. How can one be expected to do lines

with this going on? I'm behind my average already. There's the half-hour. Oh, there! I knew it. The other fellows have done their tea, and are beginning to move about. There'll be a few in here in a minute, and then good-bye to any work.

Who is this rushing frantically down the passage and cannoning against my door? Gownard, as mad as usual, I'll bet. Yes, it is. I only have just time to shove away my writing materials, for there's no knowing what a mess he'll make of them, when he rushes in, and pulls at the back of my chair so as to pull me backwards. There! I thought so. I knew that hind-leg wouldn't stand much. It gives way, and I and the chair fall in a heap on to Gownard's toes together. Well, I have the satisfaction of knowing that he hasn't come off scot free. Is there anything broken in me? No, I don't think so. But I wish Gownard wouldn't be so mad. He'll hurt some one badly some day. Now, as it is, he has broken the chair. Oh, he says, he's awfully sorry. Yes, that's just it, he goes on till he has done some harm, and then is deeply penitent, but that doesn't prevent his doing it

again within the next five minutes. He says he'll get me a new chair, so he takes my broken one, hurls it into the passage, and goes into Bareson's room and brings out one of theirs. That's hard luck on Bareson. Why doesn't Gownard give me his own? When he has done this I quiet him by forcing him into the armchair in front of the fire, and giving him a poker to hit at the coals with, as he seems to want something to relieve his feelings on. I am not sure he is safe with that.

Now, he seems to be going to be quiet, I may as well try and go on with my lines. Oh, yes! catch him being quiet. Now, there is one point about Gownard which aggravates me more than any other. That is, he has no conversation, and having no capability of making a joke for himself, he scoffs at any one else's jokes, or else uses them as his own, whether *apropos* or not to the matter in hand, till one gets perfectly sick of them. Palley and I make it a duty to provide him with a new topic of conversation, and a new joke every week, as otherwise he would become unbearable. His subject this week is the anthem next Sunday. He

has said the same thing every night and—there! I knew it must come. He says, "I am looking forward to the anthem next Sunday." I make the stock answer, "Yes, it is rather a jolly one," and try to go on with my *pæna*.

Then by way of drawing me out, he says, "You annoy me." Well, if I do, why doesn't he go away if he hasn't got anything more to say? This is, at any rate, not a statement which is calculated to lead up to a conversation. All I can say is, "Do I?" and there is another pause.

Ah! I knew he couldn't get on without the joke. The joke this week consists in his calling me Ben. This feeble joke originated with that ass Hopper, who by an immense stretch of wit discovered that the syllables of my name reversed made By-en, which contracted into Ben. He appreciates this joke immensely himself, and is in the habit of shouting out at the top of his voice, "Benny," as if he wanted me, it only being in order to show off his wit. After a time, I gave up answering, and Hopper said I was sulky, because I didn't choose to answer, "All right," till I was hoarse. Gownard heard this name, and took it as

a great joke, and so he always says, "I say, is your name Ben?" He comes out with this as he works about my fire with the poker. When he has said it six times, without my answering, because, in fact, it has no answer, I ask him what he can see in it that amuses him. He only replies with, "I say, is your name Ben?" I think I must shy something at him in a minute.

I hear, stump, stump, along the passage, followed by an absurd little hoppity-jump. I know who these are. Hopper and Selson. Yes, I knew it was. Selson always stumps along the passage, and pulls up at your door with two kicks like that. He opens the door and stands there for a minute, and then evidently forgetting what he came in to say, turns to Hopper, and says, "Sapping, come along Hopper," and goes. That's a satisfaction. I was afraid Hopper was coming for a sum. He can do his sums perfectly well himself, but he really doesn't take the trouble to think for himself, and comes and gets round me somehow and persuades me to do it. Well, he doesn't want one now, and they are gone. Certainly, they are a very grand lot of fellows at my tutor's. Perhaps

we are all the same, and all have our peculiarities which don't suit other people's.

Here is Jenson coming in, I know. Yes, it is. And what on earth has he got there? Why it's that wretched Carlo. "Brought your brother to see you, Carlo," he says. "Thank you for the compliment," I say. "I can't see much resemblance to me in Carlo, myself. My eyes are not the same colour, and I haven't got such a disreputable tail." Palley, who now comes in, must needs back up Jenson by saying that he sees a most striking resemblance. Oh, well, I suppose I must submit. Only one doesn't like being compared to a cur.

I wish Jenson wouldn't try whether Carlo is well bred or not, by lifting him up by his tail. Carlo's breeding has evidently been neglected, as he seems to object. Then, as a natural consequence, he must come at my legs. Here, I can't stand this. Out you go! I open the door and kick him out. Serves him right. What's he want to come to our part of the house at all for. "I say," says Jenson, "what do you mean by palming off your beastly herrings on me for? you've made me feel very unwell. I had to give them to Carlo." I'm very

sorry, but it wasn't my fault. Then Jenson turns round and asks Palley what he's laughing at. Palley must needs be defiant and tell Jenson he's going to laugh at him as much as he likes. Rather incautious of Palley. He knows he'll get the worst of it.

Jenson demands my boxing-gloves, "to wipe out the insult in blood," he says. Can't he manage without boxing-gloves. And I wish he'd go and have it out somewhere else. This room is a very small one for a round. Not a bit of it. Jenson must have it out in my room, and he must have my gloves, or else, he says, he may hurt Palley seriously. Now, my opinion is contrary to Jenson's. I think I'd much sooner have a playful smack with the back of the hand, than a squasher in the face with a boxing-glove, which seems to squash out your nose all over your face. Besides I only have one pair. The other pair has gone to be restomached, as Jenson calls it, owing to his having burst them. "Oh, that doesn't matter," says Jenson, "we can each have one." Oh, well, I suppose they must. I get them out.

Jenson now clears the room. Then he constitutes

me as his second, and Gownard as Palley's. I think it will be advisable to get out of danger. So does Gownard. He gets into the bed. I take refuge on the window-sill. When we are settled they begin.

To begin with, Palley is knocked up against me, nearly sending me through the window. End of round one. I think I suffered most in that, as Palley got entangled with me in trying to save himself, and shinned me. Stop a minute! Before they begin again, I'll get to some safer position. Ah, in the corner with the table across in front of me. That's better.

Round two. Confound it! I don't seem safe anywhere. They come bumping up against the table, and nearly upset the ink into my lap. When this is over, I shall be glad.

Jenson, by a skilful movement, bags Palley's wind. He's had enough of it, and says he doesn't feel well, and won't fight any more. Jenson puts him into the armchair, and sits upon him, by way of keeping him quiet, occasionally giving a jump to remind him that he is there. Gownard and I emerge from our retreats, and we all come round the fire.

Pouff! what does Gownard want to embellish my mantelpiece with his name for? especially with a hot poker. Oh, I say! come out of this, and let's have the window open. We shall be suffocated.

We all rush out into the passage. Where shall we go to now? Jenson suggests what he calls a *ree-onion*. Jenson's idea of a *ree-onion* is an assemblage of fellows to make a good row. No, but it wouldn't be a bad plan to have Penny Readings. All right; go and get some fellows to come and hear, and we'll have some in Jenson's room.

Jenson constructs a sort of altar out of his wash-hand-stand and a table-cloth, shoves all superfluous books and papers to increase the chaos in the corner, and considers what the programme shall be. He puts me down for a song. Very kind of Jenson, I'm sure. He might have asked me though. I don't know what to sing unless it is "Three bluebottles." No, that won't do. I am down for a reading too. I must go and look for some subjects.

It turns out that no one can come for some time, so the entertainment is postponed. Meanwhile, I'll go down to Grove, and get him to mend my watch. I go. Grove is in the middle of an experi-

ment, and inclined to be surly. However, he is at present grateful for the herrings, which he seems to have appreciated, and so does not growl at me in the way he often does. I sit down and wait patiently. I never like moving about Grove's room, or touching anything, as the chances are that if you do, you will be blown somewhere into the middle of next week. Even Jenson is awed when he comes into Grove's room, and Gownard too, though he is about the most meddlesome fellow I know. As for Hopper, ever since he upset some sulphuric acid over himself, he never has put his foot inside Grove's door. Grove is not a very sociable fellow. He and I and Palley are rather friends, because we two go and assist at his experiments.

There's Jenson hallooing for me. I halloo back, to let him know where I am. Oh, I'm very sorry, I didn't know Grove didn't want Jenson. However, it's too late now. Jenson comes in. I sign to him not to interrupt, and to sit down and wait for the experiment. Jenson sits down, and says in a solemn and audible whisper, "We must not say a word, as the slightest shock to Grove's arm, and

the slightest drop too much in the composition, and bang! there will be a hole in the ceiling, and Grove, like Tom Bowling, will have gone aloft." Jenson is very aggravating. This disconcerts Grove more than if he talked out loud. Grove, however, isn't the fellow to stand this. He tells Jenson that if he can't stop fooling he'll turn him out of the room. This stops Jenson.

Palley comes in, and seeing the experiment, which gets more mysterious every moment, steps in and joins us on the ottoman. This ottoman is very small. It is getting uncomfortable. I wish the performance would begin.

At last Grove says, "Now, gentlemen, the experiment is prepared. Please to hide yourselves!" I get under the table, Palley gets into the bed, Jenson gets behind the window-curtain, and we wait for the result with fear and trembling,

Come, when is it going to take place? We have been waiting quite three minutes, and nothing has happened. I feel more brave, and peep out from under the table-cloth. Jenson proposes stimulating it with a poker. Jenson is so very rash. I recollect how, when we were lower boys, he once put

his eye to the muzzle of a model cannon, to see why it didn't go off, when he applied the match.

Grove won't let Jenson have anything to do with it. He says he has not put enough hydrogen in, or something of that sort. He approaches carefully, and puts something into the slop-basin in which he has been compounding his mixture. The effect is a sudden explosion which nearly throws him back, puts out the candle, and makes us others retire hastily to our hiding-places. Nobody hurt, I hope.

After a short interval, during which Grove gropes about for the light, and having found it, lights it, we come out. I never saw anything like Grove's face at this moment. It is all covered with some blue stuff. I hope it is not injurious. Well, I never saw any one take it so calmly as Grove. He merely says, "Oh, it'll stop in for a week or so, I suppose." I believe he is rather glad, as it will give him an excuse to stay out, and he will have more time for his experiments. But, I say, it's getting stuffy in here, and what with the chemicalizing, &c., one could almost cut the air with a knife. That's the worst of these small rooms. They get stuffy in

no time, and then one has to sit in a draught while the room is being aired. I move that we go. Time is getting on. We had better go and look after our penny readings. Oh, by-the-bye, I came about my watch. Grove looks at it, and tells me he can do it by supper. I leave it in his charge, and we go upstairs.

Jenson shouts to announce that the performance is going to begin, and the audience, whom we have invited, come flocking downstairs to take their seats. Jenson has made great preparations for the convenience of the audience ; but I wish he'd consulted that of the performers a little more. It is impossible for three fellows to sit on one ottoman comfortably. I wish Palley wouldn't pinch. Oh, I say ! I can't stand sitting half-on and half-off ; I'll sit on the floor.

Jenson opens the proceedings by a neat, or what he intends to be a neat little speech : "Ladies and gentlemen,—I don't mean that—gentlemen, unaccustomed,—no, hang it, you know, what I was going to say was that in these long evenings we find it precious difficult to find anything to do. (Oh, do I ? I have plenty to do.) So I thought it

would be a good thing to have these little *Reeonions* (here he grins at his own joke) and so, gentlemen, well, I've finished all I have to say, so we'd better begin." There! I could have made as good a speech, and Jenson said I couldn't. No one could speak so well as he could. Well I suppose he has best right, as it's his room.

He next proceeds to favour us with a song. Jenson has about as much idea of music as a cow. He gives us "Hearts of Oak." I wish he'd practised a little beforehand. "Hearts of Oak" is a very good song in its way, but with variations *à la Jenson* it is painful. Still we all join in the chorus, and on the whole it is rather successful. It does not take much to please Eton fellows, as long as they can make a row.

Gownard is next on the list with a reading. He gives us something very comic, but I wish I could catch the jokes. It is rather difficult to hear, being behind him, especially as the other fellows can always tell from his look when the joke is coming, and laugh before it is well out of his mouth. Great applause at the end, in which we all join. I

must get hold of the book afterwards, and see what it's about.

Then Jenson gets up, and announces that I'm going to sing. Oh, very happy, I'm sure. That's to say if I can think of a song. Oh, I know. "Vicar of Bray." Dash it! I wish I could hit the right note. After two tries, I give that up and try, "Married to a Mermaid;" "'Twas,"—"Twas,"—(Bother it all!) "'Twas on"—(Oh, that's it) and off I go and sing my song, looking at Merlin, who is sitting opposite, and singing my song straight at him. Why I should give Merlin the sole benefit of my song I don't know, but I've caught in his eye, and can't disentangle myself. "Chorus, gentlemen, please."

Here I am in the middle of the second verse. So far, so good. Only somehow I seem to be wandering from the right track. I'm afraid this song's not going to be a success. I must struggle through it. Ah! hurray! I've hit the right note again. Chorus, "Rule Britannia," &c. It's lucky Eton fellows are easily pleased.

Third verse finished, too. Oh, bother! I've utterly forgotten the rest. That's a pity! Well,

I must apologize. I have done it. "All right," says Jenson, "never mind, rattling good song. Thank you. Chorus, gentlemen, if you please." Well, if they're satisfied, that's all right. I retire gracefully.

Jenson now announces ten minutes for refreshments. What refreshments? Has anybody got any? Oh, yes, there's some apples in my room. They are welcome to them. I tell a lower boy to go and get them. "Oh it's no use sending for them," says Jenson, "I finished them this afternoon." Finished them? Well, after that, I'll believe Jenson can hold anything. There were twenty-three apples in there this morning, I know, because Merlin counted them. Jenson is quite welcome to them, I'm sure; I don't care for them myself, but if he isn't staying out for something real to-morrow, I shall marvel. I can't help telling him, it's very greedy of him, though. "Oh, yes," he says, "absence of mind you know. I wasn't thinking, you know." An extreme case of absence of mind. Twenty-three apples in two hours! Well, there are no refreshments, so we must go without. I don't care much. I don't think any one else does. Except Jenson. He's a oner for refreshments.

Jenson's reading is next on the programme; at least, I think so. He has evidently written it down from memory: "The pide piper of Hamling." It's lucky he has not circulated his programmes through the audience, and has only written one for his own and the performers' benefit; as, I should say, the less seen of his orthography the better. Orthography is not taught at Eton; perhaps it would be better if it were.

Jenson begins. Now, that's the result of going to a school where they cram up in Latin and Greek, and leave English to take care of itself. I don't say that I'm a good reader, but Jenson's reading is painful. He only attends to the rhymes; he stumbles over the big words. When he sees one of extra horse-power, he shuts his eyes and makes a rush at it. He runs down-hill from the beginning to the end of every line, and finishes the poem in a tone that makes me feel inclined to say "Amen." Never mind! I dare say I shan't do any better when my turn comes. We must applaud, and applaud we do with a will.

Now for Gownard's song. Gownard is in the Musical Society. I don't think he does much in it

really, but the fact of belonging to it makes us expect something. "Lord Lovel," he gives us. I like this song ; Gownard doesn't sing badly. We all join in the chorus, as per usual. Jenson expresses dissatisfaction at the end. "Too short and solemn a chorus," he says. Oh, bosh ! Bravo, Gownard !

Me again ? Oh, hang it ! a reading. What shall I read ? These sort of things should not be got up in a hurry. They ought to be prepared long beforehand. Ah ! there's an "Ingoldsby Legends ;" I'll try one of those. "Give it here, Jenson." I select one, and begin. Over my reading I draw a veil, after my criticisms on other people's.

Oh, bother ! as usual with the library books, the half of this poem is out. I ought to have made sure before I began. What shall I do ? I can't begin in the middle of another. Or shall I ? Perhaps they won't find out. No ; it won't do. Hang it ! I seemed destined to failure to-night. Apology again, and I begin a new poem. There ! that's done. I am immensely applauded ; that's all right.

Palley's song. Palley only has one song, "The

Bailift's Daughter of Islington." Palley sings well, and loudly. Jenson, however, is again dissatisfied. "Hang it!" he says; "that's the second song we've had without a chorus; this is rot." Jenson has no idea of doing anything without a row. Now what's to be done? Well, I move that we adjourn; the room's getting stuffy. "No," says Jenson; "we may as well have some more; there's only ten minutes to supper-time." All right; only let's have the window open. How the candles gutter! We shall have winding-sheets enough for the whole company in a few minutes.

Now then, who's going to volunteer a song? All too shy. I don't mind— Oh! there's Packer shoved forward; the very man! Packer, the solo at the school concerts. Why didn't we think of him before? I suppose he's going to give us something sentimental. "Something with a chorus," says Jenson.

Packer begins. I never heard this before; something about "flowers" and "bowers." But why need Packer lisp? I declare I believe he thinks it's pretty. I don't; I don't think anybody else does. Packer has arrived at the end of the first verse.

“What’s the chorus?” says Jenson. “No chorus,” says Packer, in a tone as if he despised such frivolities. “Oh, rot!” says Jenson; “must have a chorus. Chorus, please, gentlemen. Rule Britannia—” And off they go, regardless of Packer’s feelings.

I should think Packer is glad; for there is the supper-bell. Every one gets up. Packer stops. “Stop,” says Jenson; “can’t go without ‘God save the Queen.’” All right. We all stand up. I get on the window-sill as Jenson points me out to lead. Why can’t he lead himself? Off we go. “God save our gracious Queen.” They’ve all got behind-hand. Bother! what’s become of my memory to-night? I can’t even remember this. However, now they’re started they can go on by themselves. “La, la, la, la, la.” Confound it! the rain’s coming in down the back of my neck; I must get out of this. I jump down on to Jenson’s toes. Jenson’s “Ow, you brute!” does not come in well with “God save the Queen;” but they are all making such a row no one seems to notice it. Ah! now I remember, “Send her victorious, happy and glorious, long to reign”—“It’s been doing that all

night," whispers Palley. "Be quiet, Palley; don't be profane"—"o'er ius" (as Jenson shouts. Bother him! I don't want the full benefit of it), "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN." Oh, I say! I'm nearly deaf. Jenson let me have the whole of the last line right into my ear, in a voice worthy of a young bull of Bashan. I shall have singings in my ears for the next twenty minutes. And, when I remonstrate, it is not the way to remedy it by shouting as badly into the other, as Jenson does.

Nobody knows the second verse. A good thing, as much more of that would bring my tutor up. Well, it's time for supper. "Good night, gentlemen," says Jenson, and every one goes. I'm not going down to supper. I'll go to my room and get some more lines done before prayers. Oh, here! who told the lower boy I sent round for candles to take mine? It has probably guttered away during that blessed penny reading. Yes, it has almost gone altogether, that is, if it's the one Jenson says is mine. I don't much believe it is. I return to my room and sit down to my lines.

Ah! here's old Grove coming. He's got my watch done, I suppose. Oh, my stars! What do

I see? My watch, and a saucer in which is laid my watch's inside. Oh, the faithless Grove! What has he done? Oh, he's taken it to pieces, he says, and has found it wants a thorough cleaning. He is very sorry, but he can't do it. I had better take it to Dick Merrick. What, leave my watch in the clutches of that monster! Alas! it must be done. Grove says he can put the works in again, if I like. Yes, please, I should like. Otherwise I don't see how I'm to get it down town. I can't carry the works in my pocket. I should probably lose some of them. Jenson and Palley, who come in at this moment, suggest a small portmanteau or a donkey cart. Jenson not gone down to supper? What next? What does he want now? He casts about for something to do, and proposes to Palley to "finish that round." No, hang it, I can't allow it. The Baresons are in their room, and if they hear rows going on in my room, how can they be expected to keep order for my telling them. "No," Jenson says. "We'll be very quiet. We'll fight in a whisper. Only my wounded honour must be avenged." Oh, well, if they promise to be quiet.

By way of a beginning, Jenson drives Palley

XIV.—GOING TO BED.

As we tear downstairs to prayers, we are stopped by two large basins of bread and milk coming upstairs. "Who are those for," I ask. "Mr. Jenson and Mr. Bandle," says the boys' maid. Ah, that accounts for Jenson's not going down to supper. I thought he couldn't go without his supper. I never knew such a fellow as Jenson to eat. He says he must eat because he is growing. If eating makes a fellow grow, we ought to see Jenson grow visibly every day. As it is, I think he only grows outwards. And then, Bandle, my fag. What does he want bread and milk for? He doesn't deserve it after the mess he made of my herrings. I wonder what he'd say if I'd made him eat those herrings, and had taken his bread and milk.

Well, here we are down waiting for my tutor to

come in. How much longer is he going to be, I should like to know? Why here he is.

Here, I must shut this window before we begin. It is blowing in right on my ear. It seems to be my fate to-day to sit in draughts. And I have a delicate constitution. I may not look like it, but I feel there are the seeds of disease lurking in me. I whisper this to Palley. He edges away and says, "Nothing catching, I hope. I say, Gownard, here's Enby says he's diseased. Keep away from me, please, Enby. Move a little further down, please, Gownard." Ass, Palley. Why can't he be serious? It's no joking matter, I can tell him.

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Prayers are over, and we are coming out. Now I'm going to bed early to-night, and then I shall start fresh to-morrow. By way of carrying out this plan, I untie my tie in the passage. Then I stand chatting on the stairs with Palley, Gownard, and Jenson, who divides his attention between his conversation and his bread and milk. He says, "Walk up, gentlemen, and see the beasts feed," from the top of the stairs, as if he was keeper of a show. Yes, Jenson is right, it is a sight to see the beasts feed in this case at any rate.

Just so. As usual, the Captain comes up, and advises us to go to our rooms "or"—he says, leaving us to imagine what the consequences would be if we don't. I'd a good mind to stop out some night, just to see what the consequences are. But there, that's the beauty of the system of Eton. Discipline! stern discipline!

We go upstairs. Now I have every intention of going to my room, but my good intentions all disappear as I get upstairs. There is Palley's door open. I must go in; I always have a tendency to go into Palley's room, because it is just at the top of the stairs, and I always catch hold of his door-post to swing myself up the last three steps. Then, if his door is open, I look in, and if he is at home I usually go in and gossip. Most fellows do this too. They come upstairs, then they generally turn round, as if to survey the awful ascent they have just surmounted, and then, seeing Palley's door open, they go in there. The result is that Palley's room is generally full, and fellows occupy his bureau, ottoman, chair, fireplace, and wash-stand, while poor Palley is reduced to doing his work, or rather trying to do it, on the window-sill.

He usually comes in to work with me. The consequence is that we don't get much done together.

I stand talking to Palley on various subjects in Palley's room while he puts his studs in. He always puts his studs in overnight. It is rather a good plan. It saves an awful lot of time in the morning. I always mean to do it, but usually end by going to bed in a hurry, and not having time. But bother! I'd nearly forgotten my intention of going to bed early. I must go. "Good-night, Palley. I'm going now." But still I stop on talking. By way of carrying out my plan, I undo my waistcoat.

There! there's my tutor come up. He sees me to my room. Well, I've been going there for the last quarter of an hour. I go, stopping to look in at Jenson to say good night on the way. Somehow or other my evil genius makes me dawdle there and talk. Jenson wants me to call him tomorrow, as he has put off all his work as usual to the last moment. Oh, yes! anything else? After that exhibition of idleness this morning, I wonder how he can have the face to ask me to. However, if he's certain he will get up, I will, but I declare

I'll put a water-jug over him if he doesn't get out of bed. I know it is very weak of me, but there, Jenson is so entreating. He will get in such a row, he says, if I don't call him.

Here is my tutor again. Well, what's he got to grumble at. I'm at any rate on the way to my room. He takes me gently but firmly by the shoulder and leads me to my room. I wonder if he is going to give me a lecture on my bad ways. If so, I am game for an argument. I'm not going to submit meekly to his unjust accusations. If it is insubordinate to answer him, it's his own fault. I only wonder I haven't gone perfectly mad from his persecutions.

No, he doesn't seem to be going to jaw at me to-night. He is in a decidedly good temper. Come, I don't think he's such a bad fellow after all. I like him when he doesn't spite me. He seems to want to make up. Poor man! I'm perfectly willing. He admires my curtains. I believe he's seen them before, but he evidently wants to make himself agreeable. He is repenting having persecuted me, I've no doubt. I forgive him from the bottom of my heart, I'm sure. Well, to return to my cur-

tains. He is right. My curtains are worth admiring. They are an old pair I found kicking about at home, and I thought they would do very nicely for my room, so I brought them away. They are all worked with our family crest, a mermaid proper; Palley says it ought to be called a mermaid improper. But then Palley knows nothing about heraldry. And perhaps he'd like to have the mermaids in petticoats, would he?

After a short conversation on my curtains and a few other ordinary topics, my tutor goes. Well, he doesn't seem to be so spiteful against me after all. Yes, I do forgive him. I think things are beginning to look a little brighter. Perhaps I shall get on better to-morrow.

As soon as the coast is clear, Jenson comes in "to finish that letter," he says. Bother him! why can't he write his letters in his own room? And then the way to write letters is not to loll on my bed with his feet on my mantelpiece. To begin with, he'll make my bed uncomfortable. When I tell him this, he says he'll make it for me. Thank you, I'd rather not. Then, secondly, he's pretty certain to break half my mantelpiece ornaments if

he puts his feet on my mantelpiece. One might as well trust a bull in a china-shop. No, look here, if he's going to write his letter he'd better look sharp about it and begin. No, he says, he must warm himself. Then he puts all my coals on that I have left. I object to this, because I shan't have any coals left to light my fire in the morning. Besides, I don't want a great roaring fire half-way up the chimney at this time of night.

Well, if Jenson is going to stay here, it's no use my thinking of going to bed. As it is, I may as well go on with my *pæna*. No, he doesn't seem to be going to let me do that in peace, but wants to talk. Bother him! why can't he hold his row.

Palley now comes in to ask for a book. Then he and Jenson must needs begin talking. It's morally and practically impossible to do a *pæna* while this is going on.

Hallo! I'm blessed if the boys' maid is not coming round for the candles. Now, if Palley makes his stock-quotation, I'll bash him. Yes, I thought he couldn't get on without. He strikes an attitude, turns up his eyes, and makes himself look a fool generally, and begins, "'Tis now the witch-

ing hour when boys' maids yawn, and boys give up their lights," and I know he is going on to say "Shakspeare," when I interrupt him with a boot. I admit it isn't a bad attempt at wit on the part of Palley ; but if he is encouraged in one joke, he will go from bad to worse. I do it all for Palley's good. When I come to think, though, I don't exactly know who constituted me Palley's guide.

Well, I must keep my candle-end to get up with in the morning. Of course the boys' maid objects, because it is part of her perquisites. But she doesn't raise so much objection now, as it's getting towards the end of the half, and she thinks it advisable to be civil. So after a short argument, she gives in. But I wish this candle-end wouldn't stick in the candlestick. I must use the machine for shoving it up. There! I thought so. The candle comes out with a bang, and hits Palley in the eye. Serves Palley right! he shouldn't have been inquisitive, and put his eye close over the candle. Well, the boys' maid has got the candlestick and goes. Now she can tell my tutor with a clear conscience that she has taken my candlestick.

Well, now Palley has got his book, why can't he

go? Also, why can't Jenson look sharp and write his letter, if he is going to? No, look here, I can't be kept up any longer, I'm going to bed. I meant to have been in bed early to-night, and here I am rather later than usual. I tell them so. Jenson says, "Why didn't you say you wanted to go to bed before?" As if he couldn't have seen I wanted to, from the way in which I have been slowly divesting myself of my garments for the last half-hour. Why, I've taken off my coat, waistcoat, and boots, and undone my studs. I hate giving broad hints. However, if he wants one; will he go? There's a broad enough hint for him. He says, "Come along, Palley. Good night, Carlo," and having tucked Palley's head under his arm, goes off down the passage. I wish he wouldn't sing, "We won't go home till morning," all down the passage. He's sure to bring my tutor up.

I don't know why Bill has not taken my boots to clean, bother him! He's always forgetting. He's got no more memory than a sieve. By-the-bye, I forgot to take those boots to Grove to mend the squeak. There now! if I haven't forgotten to write over my prose for to-morrow morning. I never

saw such a thing. I really think my memory is failing me. Now I must get up early to-morrow to do that, as I can't sit up to-night, or I shan't have any candle left to get up with to-morrow morning. But where is that prose? Let's see, I left it in my Horace. Where did I go when I came out of school this morning? I know, into Jenson's room. I must get that prose to-night, so as to have it ready to write over to-morrow morning. I start off down the passage to Jenson's room. Now, what's this in the way? Why, Jenson has been amusing himself, when he ought to be going to bed, by placing all the chairs he kicked out of his room when the performance was over, across the passage. Of course I can't see in the dark, and come a most awful howler over them. When will Jenson learn not to be always playing practical jokes? Jenson is not in his room. He has gone into Gownard's to talk. He seems bent on keeping every one up to-night.

Now, what's become of my Horace? Oh, I suppose it's gone into that everlasting corner of his. I must rummage there till I find it. What a collection of things he has got in this corner! Five

odd boots, two old hats, any amount of books, and a lot of old exercises, which I daresay Jenson has got into no end of rows for losing. Then there is Jenson's banjo, which he thinks he can play, though the only thing he can do with it is to thump on the drum part, and shout in discord at the top of his voice; occasionally twanging the strings all out of tune. Oh, here's my Horace, but the prose has dropped out. There! I shall be in hot water again to-morrow, I foresee. Perhaps, though, it is among all these papers.

While I am rummaging Jenson comes in. If Jenson can't walk about more decently attired than that, he ought to be ashamed of himself. He has nothing on except a night-shirt and a pair of pantaloons. He has no slippers. He scorns such effeminacies. He wants to know what I want. I tell him I am looking for my prose. "Oh, that reminds me," he says; "the butler left a letter in your room while you were in chapel, and I thought I should see you before you came back to it, so I put it in my pocket to give it you." And he produces it in a very crumpled state, as if he had been fumbling it about whenever he put his hand in his

pocket. Bother him! I do wish he wouldn't be so officious. Probably it's something important. I open it. I am always cautious about throwing away the envelope, as I once threw away a post-office order into the fire. There is no post-office order to-day, at any rate. There is nothing particular in the letter. But what if there had been? I'm much obliged to Jenson for his good intentions, but I rather wish he had left things alone. Well, I must give up my prose as a bad job. So wishing Jenson good-night, I return to my room. Jenson throws a boot after me "for good luck," he says. I don't know whether it will bring good luck, but I shouldn't wonder if it brought my tutor up.

What a row that fellow Merlin makes overhead taking off his boots! It seems as if every one were sitting up to-night. If so the boys' maid can't have got many perquisites in the way of candle-ends. There! I told Jenson so. There is my tutor coming up to see who has been making the row. That barricade of chairs is some good, at any rate, for my tutor's stumbling over them gives warning to the whole house. I slip into bed, and blow out my light. I hear Merlin bump into bed overhead.

My tutor wants to know who put those chairs there? I can't give him any information, I'm fast asleep. He then goes all down the passage and opens all the doors, and looks in. Everybody is asleep. It is odd what a short time one takes getting to sleep at Eton. Especially when my tutor comes up. And how every one seems addicted to snoring.

Well, my tutor has gone. Now I mustn't think. I must go to sleep. It's impossible to go to sleep with this fire blazing like this. Besides, as it's close to my bed, it isn't exactly as safe as it might be. I get out of bed to rake it out. What a row it makes! I have apparently roused Cottin, down below, for I'm bothered if he isn't beginning with that flute of his again. He is apparently troubled with a bad conscience, for he is attempting the seven penitential psalms. Finally he gives up the flute as a bad job, and goes on singing. I thump on the floor. He only gets louder. Perhaps he thinks I am applauding him. Well, I must get back to bed, and get out of hearing under the bed-clothes. Oh, I say! how much longer is he going on? And as he gets sleepier he gets more out of

tune. Oh, I say! I know what it is. If he goes on with learning to play the flute I shall have to resume the concertina, which I only gave up because I received a deputation from my tutor's, requesting me to practise "In a Cottage near a Wood," somewhere else. As if everybody mustn't make a beginning.

Well, he has stopped at last. Now I must get to sleep. I must lie out straight, or I shan't grow. I wonder if, when I go for leave next Saturday, my people will expect me to have grown, and be surprised because I haven't? I only saw them last week, but, nevertheless, I know they will be disappointed because I haven't grown at least four inches. It is so unreasonable of them. They are always holding my cousin Shovelby up for an example, saying how he is only two months older, and twice my height. As if I could help it! And then Shovelby can't be twice my height, because I am five feet three and a half, and that would make Shovelby ten feet seven, and he isn't that. Besides, I'd much sooner be short and sturdy, than a great long lanky chap like Shovelby. "Ajax was a small man, and a sturdy one," I have heard my tutor say.

Besides, there is a master at Eton who says that when a boy, he could walk under the stile, which is about three feet high, in the wall, with his hat on. He doesn't forget to mention that hats were higher in his days. He's a fine enough man now, so I have my hopes of my growing.

I wish I could get to sleep. I am going to breakfast with Mr. Potter to-morrow. I mustn't forget that. I hope there'll be some one else there. I don't like breakfasting *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Potter. It makes me shy.

Look here, as I don't seem to be going to sleep to-night, I may as well think. I wonder if I shall get through to-morrow without a row. I should say the chances were against it. I really must make some hard try to amend. Yes, I'm going to begin on Monday.

There's a sneeze! That comes of the authorities putting me in draughts. They do it to spite me. Very well, if I come to an early grave I shan't be responsible. I wash my hands of the whole affair.

What have I got to do to-morrow? I suppose I must trust my watch with Dick Merrick, and then, too —— Palley is such an ass —— I must give

him a sermon to-morrow — he's getting too fast
— and then Jens — I mustn't go to sleep at
enmity — I forgive — only I wish they
wouldn't bore — so — nOR-r-r-r-r-r.

THE END.



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